12 PAGES.

THE NEW NORTH.

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Pointers for Xmas.

If it hasn't occurred to you what sort of a present you want to invest in this year call and see the most complete line of gifts ever shown in Rhinelander, a line from which the most appropriate of presents may be selected.

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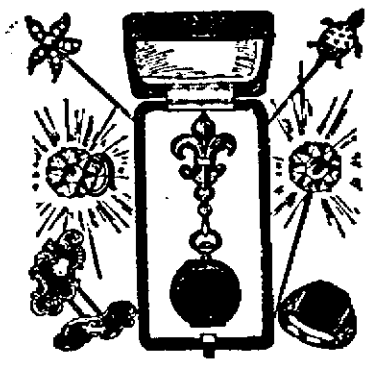

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'Tis well to please the Ladies.

A wife always likes to see her husband well dressed; a sister likes to see her brother look stylish, and we all know how much more any girl thinks of her sweetheart if he is dressed "real swell." You can have all this if you have your clothes made by

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Merchants State Bank Building, RHINELANDER, WIS.

FAIR REPRESENTATION AT CITIZENS' MEETING

CALLED TO CONSIDER RENEWAL OF THE LIGHTING CONTRACT.

Question as to Term of Franchise is also Fully Discussed—The Gathering Was Surprisingly Harmonious—Special Committee of the Council and Representatives of the Company Meet.

There was a fair representation of Rhinelander realty owners present at the citizens' meeting held at the Grand opera house last Thursday evening. As previously announced, the meeting was called by Mayor E. P. Brennan for the purpose of securing an expression relative to the renewal of the franchise to the Rhinelander Lighting company, also the matter of entering into a new contract for lighting the streets, both of which expire on the first day of January.

The meeting was called to order by Mayor Brennan, who stated briefly its object. Chas. Chafee was elected chairman and presided, despite his protest, saying that he did not attend for the purpose of presiding, but to make a speech and he did not propose to be shut off in such a manner. City Clerk W. W. Carr was made secretary and in entering upon the arduous discharge of his duties said he was not situated as Mr. Chafee was and did not intend to make a speech.

A Surprisingly Harmonious Meeting.

The meeting was void of anything of a harsh character, in fact it was surprisingly harmonious and those who had arguments to advance treated the subject in a fair and impartial manner and seemed inclined to treat the Lighting company fairly, consistent with the best interests of the city. About as much was accomplished as is usually the case at such gatherings. Aside from the length of time the franchise and contract should be made, very little was said. The question as to cost for lighting the city was approached, but in a rather indirect way. The gentlemen in favor of a long term franchise and contract were like the Irishman's drinks—few and far between. Not one of those who expressed an opinion was in favor of a ten year contract as originally asked for by the company. The terms as suggested varied from one to five years. To the unprejudiced person, it was plain to be seen that the prevailing feeling was to treat the Rhinelander Lighting company fairly and as to the matter of price for lights, all were willing to leave the matter with the special committee of the council to decide, and abide uncomplainingly by whatsoever action they might take, believing that they were capable of dealing with the problem in a manner that would be satisfactory to a majority of our citizens.

Many Indulge in Speech Making.

Short speeches were made by several of our prominent business men, excerpts of which we print as follows:

John Barnes started the ball rolling by asking: "Mr. Mayor, what is the proposition before the council?"

Mayor Brennan: "The proposition of the Rhinelander Lighting company asks for a ten year franchise, but fails to state the price of lights. This is one of the reasons for which the meeting was called and the council to act according to the wishes of the majority."

W. E. Brown inquired as to prices of lights in cities the size of Rhinelander. He thought the company should be dealt with fairly and in order to do so, thought this information was necessary.

Mr. Carr said he had corresponded with several city clerks throughout the state and enlightened those present by reading the result of his findings.

Opposes a Long Term Contract.

Mr. Barnes: "The Lighting company asks for two things. First, a franchise, to which no one would object, as the young men have a large amount invested. Second, a proposition involved in lighting the streets of the city. The price of lights is what should be considered. I favor granting a franchise and paying a reasonable price for lighting, but am opposed to granting a long term contract. It is well enough when the city is young as an inducement to secure a plant. Is there anyone present who would sit down and make a ten year contract with the company to light their place of business? City affairs should be conducted the same as an individual would conduct his business. There has been a great revelation in lighting during the past ten years. It would be unfair to say that the price of lighting the city now would be what it would be ten years hence. I am of the impression that the cost will decreased. I think the special committee of the council should sit down and candidly figure with the members of the firm as to prices."

Walker Scored a Good Point.

Dave Walker: "I can agree with Mr. Barnes with the exception of a couple of instances. He said the difference of the prices as read by the clerk, was accounted for by the number of hours the cities were lighted. I am in favor of a short term contract, but think that a company in equipping a city should have assurance of fair play and think the council should agree as to a price." A good point brought out by Mr. Walker was that local influences have a great deal to do with regulating prices. He thought a five year franchise would be a reasonable term.

W. E. Brown: "The remarks already made hit the nail on the head, although I do not know who they are talking for."

Mr. Barnes: "You can search me."

Mr. Brown continued. "I think a contract should be made and the company paid a fair price, but think the length of the franchise should be limited. I think that in time the water power might be developed. The members of the company have intimated that they would be pleased to locate their plant on the same. I know this power would reduce the cost of lighting. I am satisfied the council can enter into a contract with the company that will be satisfactory to a majority of our citizens. I had lost faith in doing anything with the water power, but a change in controlling the same might be made and then it could be improved."

Motion Made for One Year Contract.

Mr. Barnes moved that it be the sense of the meeting that a contract for a period not longer than one year be entered into.

A. W. Shelton: "I thoroughly agree with Mr. Barnes' argument, unless it can be proven that a long term contract would be more advantageous."

Dave Walker: "I am not in favor of so short a contract, as it would be an injustice to the company. It would be cutting them from a maximum to a minimum."

C. A. Wixson: "When the plant was bought by us, it was a wreck. If only a one year contract was given, we would be unable to go ahead and make improvements and as we would be obliged to expend between six and seven thousand dollars next year, I hardly think we could enter into such an agreement."

Mr. Chafee: "I believe in treating the young men fairly. Their money is invested here. When the plant was located here, the company was treated liberally and now that it is in and cannot be carted away, it is not fair to tell them that they must do this or that."

F. E. Parker: "I think the term of the contract should have some bearing on the price of lights. In my opinion, it is much the same as renting a building. If a building is leased for a long term, a cheaper price is naturally expected. I think local influences have a great deal to do with the regulating of prices; there is also a great deal of difference in councils."

Not Favorable to Water Power.

D. J. Cole expressed himself as believing that a one year contract was too short a period. "The young men," he said, "have a large amount of money invested and I do not believe they would care to invest more with such prospects." He frowned the idea of using water power, saying, "it is not steady and is very uncertain, weak and furnishes poor lights. I think a good reasonable price and a five year contract would be about fair."

F. S. Robbins: "I am not in favor of a long term contract, but if the company will set a reasonable price, I should be in favor of treating the members fairly. I am not in favor of a term longer than a year."

Paul Browne thought the matter had been discussed thoroughly and therefore he could express himself briefly. "Personally," said Mr. Browne, "if my money was invested, I would be willing to make a one or a five year contract. It would be more desirable though to make a two or three year contract." As to the number of lights, Mr. Browne said: "One reason, I think, that more depredations have not been committed, lies in the fact that the city is well lighted, therefore I am not in favor of reducing the number of lights."

Represents City and Company.

Judge Alban: "I would not express an opinion as to what would be a fair price for lights, though I think the city is under obligations to the company. The plant was purchased by the young men and a large amount of money has been expended." "The council," he said, "not only represents the city, but the company as well. We can let the matter of price to the council and the presumption is that they will do their best." In speaking of the renewal of the contract, Mr. Alban said: "Many improvements have been made by the company. They are now in an uncertain state. A reasonable contract as to length should be made. If we want improved service, we should make the conditions such that the company can go ahead and make them. I would favor at least a five year contract."

Mr. Forbes said that accidents sometimes occur that take the profits off a whole year's income. He closed by saying, "the longer the term, the cheaper the lights."

Not an Infant Industry, Says Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Barnes: "The company make a mistake by treating their business as an infant industry that needs protection." "Lighting the city," he said, "is only a side issue to their business and they are making a good rate of interest on their investment."

Sam Walker: "It is unwise for the meeting to act on the time of the contract. It is as much of a factor as the price of lights and should be left to the special committee of the council to decide, they having been appointed for that purpose."

Mr. Chafee: "Rhinelander has lived beyond its means since it became a city. I wish to see a contract made that we can afford to pay for and one that will allow the company to do business with the city. If the city was not bound by a ter-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

MAY BUILD A FLOUR MILL IN RHINELANDER

MILWAUKEE GENTLEMAN HERE RECENTLY TO LOOK FIELD OVER.

Representative of Several Men of Means is Favorably Impressed and Returned to Give an Encouraging Report—Heard of Our City Through the Advertising the Valley Has Received of Late.

Already, the Wisconsin Valley Advancement association is beginning to bear fruit. The individual instance to which we refer is the possible location of an institution in Rhinelander that would have a tendency to materially add to the present rapid agricultural developments now going on within the borders of Oneida county, and not only that, but be an inducement for the farmers already here to till the soil in a more farmer like manner. It looks as though we can secure an industry that will accomplish much along these lines, if the local business men will only grasp the situation and exert themselves a trifle, in fact it will not take much exertion—only the proper encouragement.

We were visited last Saturday by Otto Sickert, of Milwaukee, representing other men of means in that city, who are desirous of securing a good location for a flour and feed mill and sent the above named gentleman to look over the situation in the Wisconsin valley with a view of finding a desirable location for such an industry. Mr. Sickert conversed with a great many of the local business men and the intelligence he gained is of such a nature that he was most favorably impressed. He thought this city a desirable place to locate and returned to Milwaukee to report his findings to the gentlemen who contemplate joining him in the investment.

Time is Ripe for Such an Industry.

There is no question but that the time is ripe for the location of a flour and feed mill in the city and it is only a question of a very short time that some person or persons seeking investment will branch out in this particular business and whether it is Mr. Sickert and his friends or some one else, remains to be seen.

While here, Mr. Sickert conversed with Messrs. W. E. and E. O. Brown, S. S. Miller, W. W. Fenelon, Paul Browne, E. S. Shepard and many others, all of whom gave encouraging reports of the rapid strides in agricultural development and assurances that such an undertaking would be a paying investment, also that it is one of the present needs of the city and county.

While the investment might not prove to be on a paying basis the first year, possibly the second, it is beyond question it would be from that time on. When an institution of this kind was started at Antigo, the conditions were not as favorable as they are here at the present time. The mill there today is netting its owners a neat little income. What can be done there can be done in Rhinelander.

Favorably Impressed With City.

Mr. Sickert is not only favorably impressed with the city for the location of a flour and feed mill, but thinks it is a wonderfully good business center and gives promise to a great future. It is to be hoped that his visit here will result favorably to Rhinelander, which looks rather encouraging.

Mr. Sickert in conversation with a New North man, said: "We were thinking of locating outside of the Wisconsin valley, until our attention was called to this section of the state by the organization of the Advancement association at Tomahawk last week. This started us to thinking that here might be just the opportunity we were looking for. As a result of my visit here, I can say that I am far from being disappointed. I am led to believe fully that no section of the northwest offers greater natural advantages than Northern Wisconsin. I am also favorably impressed with your people, who seem to be a progressive class of citizens, ready to bury selfish interests to further the interests of their city in general."

Hundred Barrel Capacity Mill.

Mr. Sickert says that in case they decide to build a flour mill in our city, its capacity will be about one hundred barrels per day. The mill would be so constructed that it could be added to as necessity demanded. He was shown several desirable sites while here, in fact the selection of such is the lesser of all considerations. The only question that confused Mr. Sickert was whether or not there was a sufficiently bright outlook to warrant the investment, but his conversations with those of our citizens who are in a position to know, dispelled all doubt in this direction. This together with observations, made him a firm believer in the grand future possibilities of this section of country.

So much for the Wisconsin Valley Advancement association. Long may it live.

PLEASING PROGRAM CARRIED OUT.

High School Students Commemorate the Anniversary of Washington's Death.

The program last Friday afternoon which was published in last week's New North, was carried out in fine style. The program was exclusively on Washington and lasted from 1:30 until 3:00. The topics which were assigned only on the previous Monday, were handled very well to say the least, and the pupils of the High school were an appreciative audience.

The decoration committee literally "out did" itself. The front of the room was draped with the American flag, with the busts of Washington and Lincoln upon a stand surrounded by flowers in front of the flag. Red, white and blue drapings were hung on all the pictures, and a Christmas cactus in full bloom adorned the south wall.

Mr. Hyer thanked the school for the attitude they showed toward the speakers and for their attention and said that another program like this one would be carried out in memory of some American poet about the middle of next term.

The visitors were few, Mrs. A. Sierwright, Mrs. F. S. Hyer and Mr. Griman, making up the number. The school was dismissed directly after the program.

THE CITY FATHERS MEET

Electric Lighting Matter Laid Over Until the Next Regular Meeting—Three Year Contract and a Ten Year Franchise Asked for.

An adjourned regular meeting of the common council was held at the council chambers Tuesday evening and the regular routine of business transacted. Mayor Brennan presided and ten of the dads were present.

The minutes of several previous meetings were read and approved. Now that this is off the council's hands, it may be easier to get a quorum at the coming meetings.

The usual batch of bills were presented, read and approved.

The most important matter to come before the council was the proposition of the Rhinelander Lighting company and as the matter now stands the question is as far from settlement as it was before the Tuesday evening meeting, in spite of the citizens' meeting of last week, called to feel of the public pulse. The company in its proposition agrees to furnish the city with forty-seven arc lights of 1200 candle power each, to burn all night according to the Philadelphia moonlight schedule, for the sum of $7.00 per month for each light for a period of three years and all additional lights ordered at the same price. The proposition, if accepted, gives an exclusive contract for three years, also for a franchise for ten years.

Ald. Klumb moved that the matter be referred to a special committee of six or seven, including the mayor, be appointed to consider the matter and report at the next meeting. The chair appointed the following as members of that committee: Alds. Gilligan, Klumb, Beers, Brown Divers and Anderle.

The committee on fire department was instructed to purchase a sleigh and box suitable for conveying hose and other fire equipment for Hose Co. No. 2. Price not to exceed $10.00.

A liquor license was granted to John Labby, who will conduct a saloon on lot four, block nine of the original plat of the city.

Upon request of Geo. P. Donnell, his liquor license was transferred to lot six, block twenty-one.

A resolution was introduced by Ald. Brown, authorizing the board of public works to purchase by contract, 500 cords of hemlock or tamarack wood for the pumping station. Adopted.

City Attorney Billings presented a report on the matter of personal damages asked for by Mrs. M. E. Egloff, for injuries alleged to have been sustained by reason of a defective sidewalk on King street, on the 7th day of last September. In his report, he says it is very doubtful if there is any legal liability on the part of the city. Upon motion of Ald. Klumb, the matter was laid over until the next regular meeting of the council.

Owing to his removal from the city, the resignation of Rev. Geo. H. Kemp as a member of the Library board was read and accepted. Mayor Brennan appointed Mrs. Mary H. Shelton as a member to fill the unexpired term.

J. P. McHale, of Antigo, representing the Indiana Road Machine company, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, appeared before the council for the purpose of trying to interest the members in the purchase of a stone crusher and engine. Mr. McHale labored under great difficulties, for many of the members realized they were not "winding up the day with work and the night with sleep," for it was then approaching morning. The gentleman made the council a very good proposition, offering to sell a crusher and engine for the sum of $1,500 on five years' time. He said his company would place a machine in Rhinelander on trial and if it would not do all that it was claimed it would, the city would be at liberty to return it. No contract is necessary until a thorough test is made. The machine, it is claimed, will crush from ten to sixteen tons per hour. Most of the aldermen agreed that a crusher was needed, but the question that agitated their minds was whether the city could afford the investment at the present time.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER. - WISCONSIN.

Aluminium, which had no commercial existence a few years ago, was produced in the United States last year to the extent of 5,200,000 pounds, valued at $1,750,000, which is one-tenth of the cost 10 years ago.

A German officer has invented an acetylene searchlight, which can be carried by one man, and which will illuminate everything within a distance of 100 yards. It is expected to be of great use in searching for the wounded after a battle, and in bridge building at night.

Greek divers have discovered a treasure in a Russian flagship sunk in Greek waters in 1770. Gold coins to the value of $55,000 have already been recovered, and the divers report great stores of silver and jewels, which the storms of a century washed out from the hulk of the old wreck.

Over 100 Japanese women following the profession of divers are found along the coast of Japan. They are from 17 to 30 years of age. Their earnings are not uniform, as they are paid according to the amount of their work, which consists of diving for agar seaweed, sea ear and cucumber.

Maiwatchin, on the borders of Russia, is the only town in the world exclusively inhabited by men. The Chinese women are not allowed to live in this territory, and are even forbidden to pass the great wall of Kalkan and to enter Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border town are traders.

A black record of extraordinary length against the alleged hotel thief, Herman Valentine, has been compiled by Detective Sergeant William Burke. The evidence shows that Valentine has operated under 113 different names, and the dates were found in a notebook in his pocket.

Electric capsules are one of the latest inventions. A combination of chemicals has been invented, and, according to the company that manufactures it, a three grain capsule of it put into an ordinary battery will yield enough electricity to run a 16-candle power incandescent light for one hour.

Commenting on the amount which a spider actually consumed during 24 hours Sir J. Lubbock says: "At a similar rate of consumption a man weighing 160 pounds will require a whole fat deer for breakfast, a steer and five sheep for dinner, and for supper two bullocks, eight sheep and four barrels of fresh fish."

Paving stones, with coal tar as one of the ingredients of their composition, must be regarded as a novelty. The Germans are making artificial paving stones, by mixing coal tar and sulphur, adding chlorate of lime, and then breaking up the mass and adding broken glass. This is reduced to a powder and subjected to severe pressure, and the paving stone is ready for use.

A regimental pigeon post hereafter will form part of the regular equipment of every Russian field force when mobilized. During the last Russian army maneuvers, experiments with the birds were conducted on an extensive scale, and their utility was demonstrated. In no case did the birds fail to arrive with their message sooner than a mounted messenger would have done.

A charity trust is proposed now. Theodore Sutro, president of the Legal and Medical society, of Pittsburgh, Pa., suggests that most of the 2,000 weaker charitable organizations in the city could be advantageously gathered under one head, with headquarters in some central location, whence charity could be dispensed under one management. Thus expenses would be reduced and the poor would benefit.

It is a curious fact—well known, however, to weather experts—that heavy firing will generally cause rain, even though the sky was clear beforehand. At Waterloo rain came down in torrents. So it did in several of the big battles of the civil war—Gettysburg, for example. The tremendous concussion shakes the little globules of water which are always present invisibly in the atmosphere together, and so brings them down.

The investigations of Vito lo Bosco, an Italian hygienist, show that paper and tapestry wall coverings in houses are favorable to the preservation of disease germs. On the other hand, walls covered with stucco or good varnish can not only be readily freed from germs by washing, but they possess the property of cleaning themselves spontaneously from bacteria lodged upon them. It has been found that the germs of typhoid, of cholera and of pneumonia, when placed on such walls, perish within 24 hours.

When the clerk of the senate the other day read the title of a bill introduced by Senator Frye, "granting a pension to Marcus A. Hanna," there were smiles from the senators on the floor and the spectators in the galleries, who noticed in the tedious reading of the bills by titles that the name was similar to that of the junior senator from Ohio. The proposed beneficiary, however, is not the Ohio senator, but a light house keeper in South Portland, Me., who served in a Maine regiment during the civil war.

THE SITUATION IN LUZON.

Dispatch from Gen. Otis Shows That Insurgents Are Being Pursued with Vigor.

REBELS AT END OF THEIR RESOURCES.

Filipinos Have Apparently Adopted Guerrilla Mode of Warfare—Col. Smith Captures Assassins—More Prisoners Released—The Pursuit of Aguinaldo Abandoned.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Gen. Otis had some stirring news to report Wednesday from Manila, his advices going to show that the insurgents are, as he predicted a few days ago, at the end of their resources from a military point of view and are melting away before the rapid advance of the American troops at all points. His cablegrams were as follows:

"Manila, Dec. 13.—Fifty men of the navy and 30 men of the army, transported by the navy, took Laog on the 1st inst. Gen. Young with his staff followed next day. He reports Howse with Pennsylvania battalion of the Thirty-fourth followed by a portion of the Thirty-third infantry passed north to Fidding, east of Laog. March's battalion of the Thirty-fourth was at Cayan province of Lepanto on 7th inst. The Third cavalry was along the coast and in the mountains pursuing the enemy. Young states his extreme northern force passed over mountains driving the insurgents under Gen. Tino, who was badly wounded, killing 30 and wounding many. He made large captures of rifles and property with all insurgent transportation, and released all the Spanish prisoners in that section to the number of about 2,600. Our casualties were two wounded. Our troops are still pursuing the remnant of Tino's command. March's battalion of the Thirty-third reports from Cayan, Lepanto province, on the 7th inst. that he has destroyed Aguinaldo's bodyguard, killed Gen. Gregorio Pilar, received the surrender of Gen. Concepcion and staff, killed and wounded 52 insurgents, released 575 Spanish prisoners, including 150 friars, and captured considerable property. His loss was two killed and nine wounded. My information is that Aguinaldo has disguised his individuality, abandoned his troops and is hiding in the province of Benguet."

Is of Great Importance.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The secretary of war regards the information conveyed in Gen. Otis' dispatches Wednesday as the most important that has come to hand for months past. The capture of Mabini, reported by MacArthur from Bayambang, is especially gratifying. It is believed that the Filipino leader was trying to make his way across country from Bangued, where he had been obliged to part company with Aguinaldo a fortnight ago, to the east coast of Luzon. The members of the Philippine commission now in Washington declare without reserve that Mabini was the head and front of the insurrection. Aguinaldo was only a figurehead. Mabini was the brain and directing power behind him.

A Bold Stroke.

Next in importance to the capture of Mabini in the developments of the campaign, was the bold stroke of Capt. McCalla, of the Newark, in capturing the whole province of Cagayan. With MacArthur holding the province of Isabella, adjoining, and Young's holdings on the opposite or western shore of the upper peninsula, the Americans are now in technical occupancy of the whole northern end of Luzon from a point just north of the gulf of Lingayen.

Pursuing Aguinaldo.

Cayan, Luzon, P. I., Dec. 7 (via courier to Manila, Dec. 15).—Maj. March, with his battalion of Thirty-third infantry, left Cayan yesterday morning, climbing the mountains to Baguen, a village of the Igorrotes, or primitive mountain people, which is situated at an altitude of 8,500 feet. There he learned that Aguinaldo left Bontoc three days before, going toward Tatubin, to the eastward, having in view as his destination the valley of Quiangan, to the south, or the city of Bayombong, beyond it.

Split Into Bands.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Information has been received from Gen. Otis which indicates that the Filipino people realize that the insurrectionary movement has gone to pieces, and are anxious that drastic measures be adopted to bring about normal conditions in the Philippines. Gen. Otis said in his dispatch that he had received a communication from prominent Filipinos saying that the remnants of Aguinaldo's army had divided into small bands for the purpose of committing murder and robbery, and suggesting that they be classed as bandits and given the extreme punishment meted out to such desperados.

Recruits for Manila.

Washington, Dec. 16.—The war department has arranged to send about a thousand recruits to Manila to fill the regiments which are running short on account of death, disease and discharge.

Pursuit Abandoned.

Manila, Dec. 18.—Maj. Peyton C. March, of the Thirty-third infantry, has abandoned his pursuit of Aguinaldo, and has reached Baguen, in the heart of the Grand Cordillera, where the range is 10,000 feet high, and where food is scarce and travel almost impossible.

The Latest News.

Manila, Dec. 18.—The following dispatch, dated December 15, has been received from a correspondent at Laoag, province of North Ilocos:

"Natives at Marltong, province of North Ilocos, report that Aguinaldo, in disguise and accompanied by several of his generals, left Marltong last Saturday, with 150 men, going in the direction of Salsona, from which point he intended to proceed to Cabunaon, province of Cagayan.

"An insurgent major, claiming to be in command of 150 Filipinos, who have been guarding 22 American prisoners at Cabugaon, surrendered. He wrote his captains to deliver the prisoners to Gen. Young.

"Gen. Young's command is now divided into six or seven parties, which are operating in the mountains about Laoag. Several parties are hunting for Gen. Tino.

"Maj. Swigert, with a detachment of the Third cavalry, had an engagement with 120 insurgents near Dingras. Two Americans were killed and two wounded. Several Filipinos were killed.

"Capt. McCalla, of the United States cruiser Newark, has occupied Claveria and Pantelona. The Filipinos surrendered 1,000 rifles."

Brooklyn Wins Race.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The Brooklyn arrived at Manila Saturday, winning easily the long race from this country which she had been running with the New Orleans. The New Orleans sailed from Singapore Saturday for Manila, so that she is about four days behind the Brooklyn.

TAKES THE OATH.

William S. Taylor Inaugurated Governor of Kentucky—His Seat to Be Contested.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 12.—William S. Taylor was inaugurated as governor at noon. The crowd was much smaller than in past years, due to the weather, which, up till Monday night, was rainy, followed Tuesday by a December blizzard. The inaugural ceremonies were simple. Retiring Gov. Bradley, in the course of his speech, said that he hoped the Goebel election law, which had brought so much turmoil to the state, would be wiped from the statute books. Governor-elect Taylor, in his inaugural address, said:

"The verdict rendered by the people last November was the mandate of the people in favor of civil liberty. It was the triumph of the people over the merciless, remorseless partisan machine erected to enslave them."

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 15.—William Goebel will contest the seat of Gov. W. S. Taylor and J. C. W. Beckham will contest the seat of Lieut. Gov. John Marshall. This was the decision of the state central and executive committee which was called together Thursday.

APPOINTED SENATOR.

Gov. Poynter, of Nebraska, Names Ex-Senator Allen to Fill Out Unexpired Term of Senator Hayward.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 14.—Gov. Poynter has appointed ex-Senator Allen to fill the senatorial vacancy caused by the death of Hayward. His commission will be made out as speedily as possible, and the newly appointed senator announced his intention of proceeding to Washington at once and assuming the duties of his office.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 16.—The fact that the late M. L. Hayward never took the oath of office as a United States senator gives rise to the question whether William V. Allen, commissioned to fill the vacancy from Nebraska, is entitled to take his seat.

THE LA FAYETTE DOLLAR.

First Coin Struck at the Philadelphia Mint—To Be Presented to President of France.

Philadelphia, Dec. 15.—The first Lafayette dollar, the unique specimen authorized by congress in aid of the fund for the erection of the Lafayette monument in Paris, was struck off at the United States mint in this city. This coin will be presented by the president of the United States to the president of France. Fifty thousand of the coins will be struck and are to be disposed of at a cost of two dollars apiece.

The second coin struck off was forwarded to Mrs. McKinley, while the third was given to Mrs. Kate Thyson Marr, of Washington.

Sentence Commuted.

Washington, Dec. 15.—The president has commuted to imprisonment for 20 years the capital sentence imposed by court-martial upon four American soldiers, members of a Washington regiment, in the Philippines for criminal assault upon native women. The names of the soldiers are Scarborough, Conine, McLennett and Donhoffer.

Mr. Moody Is Worse.

East Northfield, Mass., Dec. 15.—There is no doubt, viewed even from the most favorable position, that the condition of Dwight L. Moody is critical. Mr. Moody is likely to die within a few days, and then again, if his disease should take a favorable turn, he may live, if he is willing to stop work, for several years.

Given a Life Term.

Saratoga, N. Y., Dec. 14. — Irving Shaw, 14 years of age, of Providence, Saratoga county, was convicted of murdering his playmate, Jesse Blanche, at Providence last October. Justice Stover sentenced Shaw to life imprisonment at Dannemora prison. He is believed to be the youngest life prisoner in the state.

Noted Baptist Clergyman Dead.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 16.—Rev. Dr. Warren Randolph, pastor of the Central Baptist church, of Newport, formerly pastor of the First Baptist church of Indianapolis, and a clergyman of national reputation among Baptists, is dead, aged 81 years.

Death of Lieut. Brumby.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Lieut. Thomas M. Brumby, flag lieutenant to Admiral Dewey during the Manila campaign, who has been ill with typhoid fever for several weeks, died at Garfield hospital shortly after six o'clock Sunday evening.

Boston Bank Closes.

Boston, Dec. 18.—The failure of the John P. Squire company, of Cambridge, the largest pork packers in New England, for $2,000,000, caused the Broadway national bank in this city to close its doors.

The Wheat Crop.

Washington, Dec. 16.—The statistician of the department of agriculture reports the wheat crop of the United States for 1899 at 547,300,000 bushels, or 12.3 bushels per acre.

Killed in a Fight.

Whitesburg, Ky., Dec. 14.—Alexander Bryant, John H. Mullins, John H. and David L. Craft were killed near here in a fight among themselves.

SEVERE BLOW TO BRITISH.

Gen. Methuen Reports a Defeat at Magersfontein and the Loss of Officers and Men.

MOST DISASTROUS EVENT OF THE WAR.

Gen. Buller, Commander-in-Chief of British Army, Reports a Serious Reverse at Tugela River—His Troops Are Compelled to Retreat—Reenforcements Ordered.

London, Dec. 14.—The British public has been startled by reports from Gen. Methuen telling of a serious reverse at Magersfontein. The losses are great and include Gen. Wauchope, the marquis of Winchester and other well-known officers.

Most Serious Event of the War.

London, Dec. 14.—Each important battle seems to bring a worse reverse for the British, and the papers sorrowfully admit that Lord Methuen's check at Magersfontein is the most serious event the war has yet produced.

It is estimated here that Lord Methuen's forces amounted to 11,000 men, and perhaps to more. No reliable estimate of his losses has yet been received. They are believed to have been at least 150.

London Discouraged.

London, Dec. 14.—Methuen's defeat, Gatacre's great danger, Mafeking's lack of rations, Ladysmith's investment without sign of relief, threatened rising of Cape Dutch and 2,000 British prisoners at Pretoria discourage London. The London Times says at least 20,000 more soldiers are needed.

Reports Untrue.

London, Dec. 15. — Reports of a great British victory at Ladysmith, which seem to have been without a basis of truth, were evidently put in circulation by speculators with a view to influencing the stock markets. Further details of the battle at Magersfontein but add to the seriousness of the British reverse. A revised list of the total casualties to the British troops places the number at 832. The Boer loss is said to be 600.

Buller Is Beaten.

London, Dec. 16.—Gen. Buller, in a dispatch to the war office, tells of a serious reverse near Colenso while attempting to cross the Tugela river, which is looked upon as the worst event that has transpired in the South African campaign. The British troops were again led into a trap. Unable to withstand the furious raining of bullets from Boer rifles, the British were forced to retreat, and besides heavy losses in killed and wounded, 11 big guns were left behind.

Going to the Front.

London, Dec. 18.—England is aroused indeed. All her reserves, a strong force of yeomanry, other mounted volunteers, all her available colonial troops, and a strong division of militia are ordered to the seat of war. Field Marshal Lord Roberts will go as commander-in-chief, and Gen. Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum fame, will accompany him as second in command. These startling orders have been issued by the war office. They mean that almost the whole strength of the British empire will be flung into South Africa.

Enormous Losses.

London, Dec. 18.—Gen. Buller reports that his casualties in the Tugela river battle reached a total of 1,097, and Methuen's revised list makes his losses at Magersfontein 963. The British losses in killed, prisoners and missing throughout the campaign now reach the enormous total of 7,560.

The Foreign Press.

London, Dec. 15.—The foreign press regards Great Britain's crisis as grave, possibly portending a dissolution of the empire. The Parisian press is gleeful, Austrian sympathetic and German unusually reserved. There is little talk of interference or of an attempt to take advantage of the situation.

Death of a Noted Shot.

Beloit, Wis., Dec. 16.—John A. Ruble, famous as a trap and wing shot, who has participated in all great shotgun contests of the country, died Friday.

AT MOUNT VERNON.

Centennial Anniversary of the Death of Washington Observed—The President Pays Tribute.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Mount Vernon was the scene Thursday of the most unique and impressive ceremony in its rich and picturesque history. Masons of high degree from all over the United States and Canada met at the tomb of Washington in services commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the death of the greatest American. President McKinley delivered an eloquent tribute to the memory of the first president, and senators and representatives in congress, high officials of the government and distinguished private citizens were participants and spectators of the solemn service. The president said in part:

"We have just participated in a service commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of George Washington. Here at his old home, which he loved so well, and which the patriotic women of the country have guarded with loving hands, exercises are conducted under the auspices of the great fraternity of Masons, which a century ago planned and executed the solemn ceremonial which attended the Father of His Country to his tomb. The lodge in which he was initiated and the one over which he afterwards presided as worshipful master, accorded positions of honor at his obsequies, are to-day represented here in token of profound respect to the memory of their most illustrious member and beloved brother.

"Masons throughout the United States testify anew their reverence for the name of Washington and the inspiring example of his life. Distinguished representatives are here from all the grand lodges of the country to render the ceremonies as dignified and impressive as possible, and most cordial greetings have come from across our borders and from beyond the sea.

"Not alone in this country, but throughout the world, have Masons taken especial interest in the observance of this centennial anniversary. The fraternity justly claims the immortal patriot as one of its members; the whole human family acknowledges him as one of its greatest benefactors. Public bodies, patriotic societies and other organizations, our citizens everywhere, have esteemed it a privilege to-day to pay their tribute to his memory and to the splendor of his achievements in the advancement of justice and liberty among men.

"During all the intervening years it has been true, forever true, to the precepts of the constitution which he and his illustrious colleagues framed for its guidance and government. He was the national architect, says Bancroft, the historian, and but for him the nation could not have achieved its independence, could not have formed its union, could not have put the federal government into operation. He had neither precedent nor predecessor. His work was original and constructive and has successfully stood the severest tests.

"The nation needs at this moment the help of his wise example. In dealing with our vast responsibilities we turn to him. We invoke the counsel of his life and character and courage. We summon his precepts that we may keep his pledges to maintain justice and law, education and morality, and civil and religious liberty in every part of our country, the new as well as the old."

President McKinley was accompanied to Mount Vernon by all the members of the cabinet now in the city, Gen. Miles and Gen. Corbin.

Noted Engineer Dead.

Montreal, Dec. 18.—Walter Shanly, a well-known civil engineer, died Sunday at his home in this city, aged 80 years. He constructed the Hoosac mountain tunnel and was general manager of the Grand Trunk for four years. He was associated with the development of the St. Lawrence canal system.

A Novel Plan.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 15.—The union reform party has decided not to hold a national convention next year to name candidates for president and vice president, but will select their candidates by a direct mail vote of party members.

Criminals Hanged.

Valdosta, Ga., Dec. 11.—Jim Godding and Wash Powell were hanged here for the murder of a country storekeeper named Vickers about two months ago. Both protested to the last that they were innocent.

Elected President of Switzerland.

Berne, Dec. 15.—The federal assembly has elected Walther Hauser, radical, of Wadensweil, Zurich, to be president of Switzerland for 1900. He was vice president during 1899.

Four Killed.

Lewiston, Idaho, Dec. 18.—Engineers Bain and Ogden and Fireman Bradshaw and Brakeman Budge were killed in a railway wreck near here.

Off for Cuba.

New York, Dec. 18.—Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, the newly appointed governor general of Cuba, sailed Saturday for Havana.

THE FIRST RULE OF GOOD COOKERY.

How to Avoid Colds During Winter.

"This idea that many people have, that winter is an unhealthful season, is all wrong. Winter is just as healthful as summer, if people will take care of themselves. If you want to go through the winter without a cold, observe these few simple rules:

"Don't overheat your house, and don't stop all ventilation. Sleep in a cool room, but keep warmly covered. Always take off your outdoor wraps when you come in the house, and always put them on when you go out. And, lastly, just as long as there is snow on the ground, don't go out without your rubbers. This last rule is the most important of all, for two colds out of three come from wet feet."—The Independent.

Not Good Kickers.

I never heard but one Porto Rican man make a kick about anything. I was sitting on the hotel veranda at Ponce one day when a merchant came down the street to see me. There was a vicious bull tearing about the street, and the animal got after the merchant and ran him a block and gave him a toss which landed him on the veranda, almost at my feet. Of course I went to his assistance, thinking him seriously hurt, but it turned out that he had come off almost without a bruise. I began to congratulate him over his escape, but he interrupted me with:

"Senor, I like it not. The bull should have rolled me into the ditch, instead of tossing me up here. Never before was I tossed upon this veranda, and I can't make it out."—Washington Post.

Took Him at His Word.

Customer—You sell cracked eggs at half price, do you not?

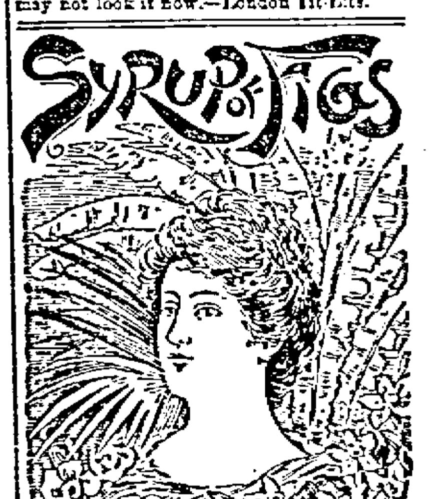
Clerk—Yes'm; we always make 50 per cent. reduction on cracked goods. Anything else to-day?

"Yes, you may give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat. Here's 50 cents."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

A Saving.—"Did you save the country, Pat?" "How's that?" "Be your vote?" "No, begorry. But I saved the rent."—Philadelphia North American.

Every baby is the sweetest baby in the world. You were once considered the sweetest thing in the world, although you may not look it now.—London Tit-Bits.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY,

DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES & FEVERS

OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE - MAN'F'D BY

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

BAD BLOOD

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often wished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them, my blood has been purified and my complexion has improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every way." MRS. SALLIE E. SELLARS, Luttrell, Tenn.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 319

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough

Unexcelled for Consumptives. Gives quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes.

Dr. Bull's Pills cure Biliousness. Trial, 20 for 5c.

THE Pleasantest, most powerful, effective and never failing REMEDY for

Rheumatism Sciatica, Neuralgia, LA GRIPPE and CATARRH!

If all knew what thousands know of the efficacy of "5 DROPS" as a Curative as well as a Preventive of any Ache or Pain known to the human body, there would not be a family in all America without a bottle of "5 DROPS." Send for trial bottle, 25c, or large bottle $1.00, (containing 300 doses) 3 bottles for $2.50.

5 DROPS

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

$25.00 FOR 25C? NO!

But we will send 25 valuable recipes for 25c; our cure for rheumatism alone worth $25.00.

BEAUTIFUL CALENDAR FREE WITH EACH ORDER. Mail orders for household necessities promptly filled at lower prices than elsewhere. PARRY SUPPLY CO., Phoenix Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. Bank references given.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

THE NATIONAL CONGRESS.

Work Being Done by Our Law-Makers at Fifty-Sixth Annual Session in Washington.

DAILY SUMMARY OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

Resolution Introduced in the Senate to Change Presidential and Congressional Terms—Important Measures Presented in the House and Debate on the Currency Bill.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Senator Mason (Ill.) introduced in the senate yesterday a resolution expressing the sympathy of the senate with the South African republics in their war with Great Britain. It was referred to the foreign committee. Resolutions were also introduced to prohibit combinations between corporations to control interstate commerce, and for a constitutional amendment to make the presidential and congressional terms end and begin on the last Wednesday in April, instead of March 4. Bills were introduced for the coinage of the American product of silver and to prohibit the transportation of goods controlled by trusts.

Washington, Dec. 13.—A bill was introduced in the senate yesterday by Senator Cullom for the amendment of the law creating the interstate commerce commission. Senator Pettigrew introduced a resolution asking for information as to whether Admiral Dewey ever recognized the self-styled Philippine republic. The nomination of Leonard Wood to be major general of volunteers was confirmed.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Senator Gallinger (N. H.) introduced a bill in the senate yesterday for the codification of the pension laws by a joint commission of jurists and members of the G. A. R. A bill to establish telegraphic communication between the United States and Hawaii and the Philippines was introduced by Senator Lodge (Mass.).

Washington, Dec. 15.—In the senate yesterday Senator Pettigrew's resolution inquiring if Americans had recognized Filipino insurgents was tabled. The house resolution for a Christmas holiday adjournment on the 20th of December until the 3d of January was agreed to.

Washington, Dec. 16.—In the senate yesterday the new list of committee members was agreed to. Numerous private pension bills were introduced, making the number of such bills at the present session over 1,600. Adjourned to Monday.

House.

Washington, Dec. 12.—In the house yesterday bills were introduced for postal savings banks; for a cable to the Philippines, the cost not to exceed $8,000,000, and providing that the names of states shall be given only to battleships and first-class cruisers. Debate on the currency bill was opened, Mr. Dolliver (Ia.) speaking in favor of the measure and Mr. De Armond (Mo.) in opposition.

Washington, Dec. 13.—Little was done in the house yesterday aside from the debate on the currency bill. The features of the debate were the speeches of Mr. Grosvenor (O.), for the bill, and of Mr. Cochran (Mo.) and Mr. Newlands (Nev.) against it.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The house yesterday adopted a resolution providing for a holiday recess from Wednesday, December 20, to Wednesday, January 3, and continued the debate on the currency bill.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Mr. Williams (Miss.) introduced a joint resolution in the house yesterday which declares the intention and purpose to recognize the independence of the Filipinos and withdraw our land and sea forces, provided the independent government agrees to refund the $20,000,000 paid by the United States to Spain. Bills were introduced to admit Arizona to statehood; to give two months' extra pay to those serving in the war with Spain without limitations of present law; to extend the homestead law to the Philippines so that soldiers serving in the wars with Spain or the Philippines shall have the benefit of homestead settlement in the Philippines. The currency bill was further discussed.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Bills were introduced in the house yesterday providing a system of government for Alaska; authorizing the president to appoint as cadets at the Naval academy the cadets temporarily appointed during the Spanish war; giving to all Mexican war veterans who have reached the age of 70 years and their widows of the same age pensions of $20 a month. The debate on the currency bill was ended and a vote will be taken Monday.

Washington, Dec. 18.—In the house on Saturday Mr. Sulzer (N. Y.) introduced a joint resolution declaring that a state of war exists in South Africa, and according belligerent rights to the Transvaal government.

Nine Sailors Lost.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Dec. 18.—Whaleback barge 115, which has been missing on Lake Superior since Wednesday last, was on Sunday given up for lost, with her crew of nine men.

On a Sad Journey.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 14.—The battleship Texas, Capt. C. D. Sigsbee commanding, left yesterday for Havana, to bring back the bodies of the victims of the Maine.

Sentenced to Death.

Galesburg, Ill., Dec. 18.—Charles Lindewall was convicted of the murder of Peter Bollenbach here. The jury returned a verdict imposing the death penalty.

Prize Fighter Killed.

St. Louis, Dec. 15.—Henry Neue, of this city, was killed by Fred Bellerson of Utah, in a prize fight here.

MINOR NEWS ITEMS.

For the Week Ending Dec. 18.

Fire partially destroyed the state penitentiary at Lincoln, Neb.

At Jones, La., a mob stretched a negro to a telegraph pole for assaulting a white woman.

The Comedy theater, one of the pioneer show houses in San Francisco, was destroyed by fire.

William H. Carpenter, author, poet and editor, died at his home in Baltimore, aged 86 years.

Frank Walker (colored) was hanged at Moundsville, W. Va., for the murder of Thomas Sanders, a saloonkeeper.

A frame house 100 years old was burned in Williamsburg, N. Y., and three persons were burned to death.

Mrs. R. P. Shick, daughter of former United States Senator John J. Ingalls, died suddenly at her home at Reading, Pa.

Fire completely destroyed the factory of the Duluth (Minn.) Boot and Shoe company, the loss being $150,000.

Nelson Hamilton and his three children were burned to death near Alliance, Ky., by the burning of their home.

An International Farmers' union was organized at Binghamton, N. Y., to maintain the price of farm products.

Henry Landis, secretary of the Baltimore board of trade, committed suicide by jumping from a third-story window.

Prosecuting Attorney Williams, of Pawnee county, while arguing a case in court in Perry, O. T., fell dead with heart disease.

At a swimming tournament in San Francisco H. W. Wideman made a new world's record, making the 25-yard dash in 12 2-5 seconds.

Tables prepared by the war department show that the United States had 223,235 men on the army muster rolls during the Spanish war.

William Vance Marquis, who was lieutenant governor of Ohio under the Campbell administration, died at Bellefontaine, aged 72 years.

Gen. William F. Rogers, a civil war veteran and successively auditor, comptroller and mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., died there, aged 79 years.

Eugene P. Gillespie died at Greenville, Pa., aged 47 years. He represented the Twenty-fifth district in congress in the session of 1891-92.

QUAKER CITY WINS.

The Republican National Convention to Meet in Philadelphia on June 19 Next.

Washington, Dec. 16.—The republican national convention will be held at Philadelphia on Tuesday, June 19 next. The place and date were decided upon by the national republican committee Friday after a friendly contest for the honor of entertaining the convention between the city selected, Chicago, St. Louis and New York. The final vote stood: Philadelphia, 24; Chicago, 12.

The proceedings throughout were enthusiastic and harmonious, every speech that was made emphasizing the fact that President McKinley will be renominated and that the convention will be in effect simply a ratification meeting.

Pleads Guilty.

Osceola, Ia., Dec. 16.—Mrs. Julia Crosby was called for trial Friday on the charge of murdering her husband, Nicholas Crosby, at their home at Woodbine by shooting him. She pleaded guilty. The shooting resulted from family differences and the case attracted wide attention. She will be sentenced, it is understood, to 20 years' imprisonment.

To Meet in Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—The prohibition national convention will be held in the new Coliseum building in Chicago June 27, 1900. The newly-elected national chairman, Oliver W. Stewart, of the national committee, will issue the call for the convention about the first of the new year.

Distress in Famine-Stricken District.

Calcutta, Dec. 16.—The distress in the famine-stricken districts is becoming more acute. About 2,250,000 persons have received relief.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Dec. 18.

LIVE STOCK—Steers	$4 60	@ 5 55
Hogs	3 20	@ 4 40
Sheep	3 50	@ 4 25
FLOUR—Winter Straights	3 25	@ 3 45
Minnesota Patents	3 80	@ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
December	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
December	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
OATS	[illegible]	@ 31
BUTTER—Creamery	[illegible]	@ 27
Factory	[illegible]	@ 20
CHEESE	[illegible]	@ 13
EGGS—Western	21	@ 24
CHICAGO		
CATTLE—Christmas Beeves	$5 65	@ 8 25
Texas	3 40	@ 4 50
Stockers	2 20	@ 3 85
Feeders	3 90	@ 4 60
Bulls	2 50	@ 4 20
HOGS—Light	4 00	@ 4 12½
Rough Packing	3 85	@ 4 15
SHEEP	2 50	@ 4 60
BUTTER—Creameries	17	@ 25
Dairies	15	@ 22
EGGS	13	@ 20
POTATOES—(per bu.)	35	@ 45
PORK—May	10 40	@ 10 55
LARD—May	5 65	@ 5 60
RIBS—May	5 30	@ 5 60
GRAIN—Wheat, May	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Corn, May	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Oats, May	24	@ 24¼
Rye, No. 2	51	@ 51½
Barley, Malting	[illegible]	@ 45
MILWAUKEE.		
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 1 Nor'n $	[illegible]	@ 67
Oats	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Rye, No. 1	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Barley, No. 2	44	@ 48½
KANSAS CITY.		
GRAIN—Wheat, May $	[illegible]	@ 67
Corn, May	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Oats, No. 2 White	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Rye, No. 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	$3 50	@ 6 75
Texas Steers	2 90	@ 4 80
HOGS—Packers'	4 00	@ 4 15
Butchers'	4 05	@ 4 15
SHEEP—Native Muttons	3 25	@ 4 50
OMAHA.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 20	@ 6 20
Cows and Heifers	3 25	@ 4 25
Stockers and Feeders	3 60	@ 4 70
HOGS—Mixed	4 00	@ 4 02½
SHEEP—Western Muttons	4 00	@ 4 25

CRUEL INDIAN RITE.

Human Sacrifices Offered to the Goddess Bhadra Kali.

The British Government Will Stop This Barbarous Ceremony—How the Voluntary Victims Are Tortured and Mutilated.

Great indignation is being expressed in India and in London at the present moment over the fact that at a recent festival given in honor of the Goddess Bhadra Kali several human victims were allowed to offer themselves up as sacrifices by means too revolting for description. Being informed that the annual festival to the goddess was to be held at a place called Kollangodu, a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial determined to attend and witness for himself the horrors of the exhibition that he had so often heard described by others.

Accordingly, the day that the ceremony was to come off found him at an early hour in his jinricksha en route for the temple of Kollangodu.

The road was already crowded with people whose destination was the same as his own, and but for the difference in their nationality and equipment it might have been the road to Epsom that he was traversing on a Derby day, judging by the mixed character of the crowd.

The sacrificial car, which had some remote resemblance to a gallows, was soon reached, and the first victim, a man about 40 years of age, who appeared to be possessed with an uncommon amount of brute courage, was still further prepared for the ordeal by having some potent drug administered to him by a native physician.

The car, which might be compared to a telegraph wire repairing truck with four wheels, was fitted with two upright posts 18 or 20 feet high and held together by stays and braces. On a stout piece of lumber placed at the top of the posts, into which a deep groove had been cut, rested a long piece of timber, nicely balanced, which could be

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.
(Sacrificed at Kollangodu to the Goddess Bhadra Kali.)

moved up and down on either side with the motion of a see-saw. Ropes were affixed to the pole, as also to the car, so that the pole could be lowered or raised at either end and the truck drawn around the temple as soon as the victim was impaled. Near the smaller end of the pole, where the victim was to hang, a mat canopy was nailed on to the pole to protect him from the burning rays of the sun. The length of the pole and the arrangement of the car upon which it rested was sufficient to allow of the small end being elevated to a height of about 50 feet.

This smaller end was now lowered in readiness for the operation, and amid an increased beating of tom-toms, the screams of flutes and the cries of the people, constituting an unearthly din, the first victim was led forward to the priests who were awaiting him.

The devotee was made to lie down flat upon his stomach on the ground underneath the canopy, and ropes were passed under his arms and around his chest for the purpose of fastening him to the beam. The priests then seized hold of the fleshy part of the victim's back and rolled it up until the huge hooks could be pushed through the flesh. After four or five of these hooks had been pushed through the flesh a native sword and shield were handed to the sacrifice, with which he was supposed to go through a drill while the performance lasted.

These preparations being finished and the sacrifice securely fastened, the other end of the beam was pulled down and the man swung upward into the air like a murderer on a gibbet. Amid the acclamations of the crowd and the beating of the tom-toms the car was then dragged forward by the excited populace until it had thrice made a circle of the temple and passed as an appeasing sacrifice before the savage goddess installed before its portals.

Balloon Clothesline.

A Paris laundry has started a novelty in the drying and purifying of linen, and has succeeded in convincing most of its customers that the notion is a good one. The air about 150 feet above the house is particularly good for linen, say the proprietors, and they accordingly send your shirts and collars for a balloon trip. Bamboo frames are attached to a captive balloon, and the linen, "rough dry," is fixed to the frames and sails away in the air. The balloon makes six ascents daily, and an extra charge is made for each article that undergoes the treatment.

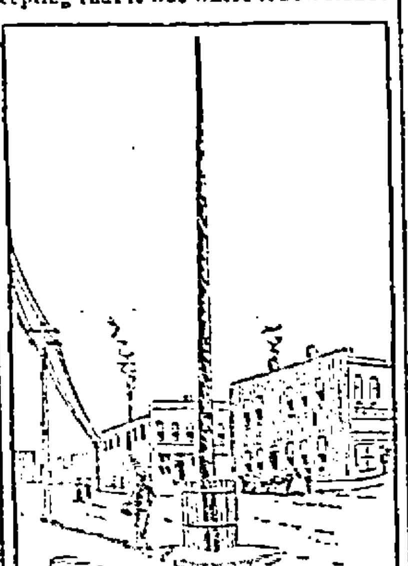
Immense Wooden Building.

The parliament building in Wellington, New Zealand, is the largest wooden structure in the world. In Wellington, and some other New Zealand towns, almost every house is constructed of wood. Large churches and important business premises are built of the same material.

POLE WITH A HISTORY.

Strange Indian Relic Which Has Stood at Morris, Ill., for Over Two Hundred Years.

At Morris, Ill., on the west side of Wauponsee street, between Washington and Canal, stands a pole about 30 feet high, which is known as the "Indian pole." It is protected at the base by a close-fitting piece of flagging, which is surmounted by an iron fence, these having been placed there years ago by the city. There is nothing really known about the old landmark excepting that it was where it now stands



ANCIENT INDIAN POLE.
(Located on Wauponsee Street at Morris, Grundy County, Ill.)

when the first settlers came to the community, and, furthermore, Shabbona, the old Indian chief, could tell nothing about the pole, as it had been there as long as he could remember.

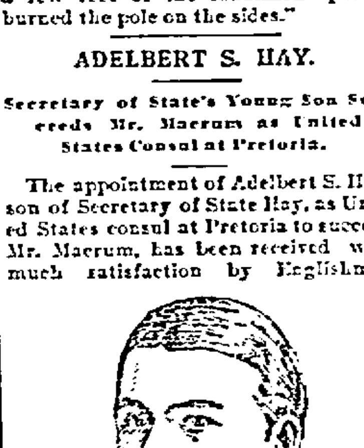
An old Indian named Clark told the following story concerning this monument: Nacquett, a celebrated chief, was killed in battle at the spot, buried there and the cedar pole erected to his memory. His squaw died later and her body was placed beside his. Clark said the fight began at Blue Island, the tribe retreated and met their foe at the site of Oakwood cemetery, Joliet, and again had a hard-fought battle at Nettle creek, Morris, and the last was at Starved rock, where most of those who took refuge perished. One writer says: "The death of Nacquett was probably between 1650 and 1700, and the pole may have been placed there at that time."

In speaking of this old monument P. A. Armstrong, historian of the Black Hawk war, and "The Friend of Old Shabbona," said to a Chicago Chronicle correspondent: "There is no doubt in my mind that the pole is nearly 250 years old. When La Salle and Joliet went up the river where Morris now stands was an Indian village containing about 2,000 inhabitants, and when Shabbona came here, which was about the year 1800, the pole was there and none of the Indians knew when it was placed there. The story given by Clark to the effect that the chief, Nacquett, was buried there is generally believed, for when the canal was being built some of the workmen made some excavations at the base of the pole and unearthed the skeleton of a man and a woman, the things buried with the man signifying that he had been a great and brave chief. For fear of an uprising of the Indians the bodies were not removed and the affair was kept from them. When I came here there were hieroglyphics all over the pole, but they are not distinct now, as a fire which destroyed a building standing within a few feet of the landmark partly burned the pole on the sides."

ADELBERT S. HAY.

Secretary of State's Young Son Succeeds Mr. Macrum as United States Consul at Pretoria.

The appointment of Adelbert S. Hay, son of Secretary of State Hay, as United States consul at Pretoria to succeed Mr. Macrum, has been received with much satisfaction by Englishmen



ADELBERT S. HAY.
(Appointed United States Consul at Pretoria, South Africa.)

whose relatives are confined in the Pretoria race track as prisoners of war. In times of peace the position of the consular agent at Pretoria is not an important one. His duties include the issuing of consular certificates on all American goods imported into the Transvaal, and he is also supposed to look after the interests of the 4,000 or more Americans who make their homes in Pretoria or in the country thereabouts. As there is practically nothing exported from the Transvaal to the United States, he has little to do in that direction. To get to Pretoria under present conditions Mr. Hay will probably go first to Cape Town and will there board a steamer which will carry him to Delagoa bay. There he will probably be able to get a train which will take him to Pretoria.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Shot His Wife.

Mrs. Helen Waitel was shot on Main street, in front of the Citizens' national bank, in Stevens Point, by her husband, Constantine Waitel. She will recover. Waitel was arrested and placed in jail. Mrs. Waitel, who has been arrested and fined several times recently at the instigation of her husband for being an inmate of a disorderly house, had commenced suit for a divorce, and had just come from her attorney's office a few minutes before she was shot.

A Rich Strike.

A letter received from Dawson City says that George and Fenn Galligan, brothers, formerly lumbermen in Chippewa Falls, have become wealthy in the Klondike. They left for Alaska two years ago. After prospecting they took possession of an abandoned mine on Bonanza creek, and sunk two 30-foot shafts. When about out of supplies and getting discouraged, they struck a rich lead. They claim to have been offered $500,000 for the mine.

Fired at His Wife.

Frank Corwin went to his home in Janesville and found his wife suffering from an epileptic fit. Corwin, who was intoxicated, procured a shotgun, with which he shot at his wife, the charge going into the air, missing Mrs. Corwin by several feet. Corwin is now in jail. He alleges that he fired to frighten his wife, believing it a better method than calling a physician. Mrs. Corwin is now dangerously ill with nervous trouble.

Gold Found.

Sensational reports have been received of a gold find at Lefarge, 50 miles from La Crosse, at the terminus of the Kickapoo Valley railroad. A two-thirds interest in the property has been sold to a New York syndicate for $150,000. The balance is owned by a brewer at Hillsboro, who first obtained the land from a farmer. It is announced that mining operations will begin on an extensive scale immediately.

Hid His Identity.

James Lonergan, sentenced at Fond du Lac to life imprisonment for the murder of Police Officer Prinslow, has turned out to be Frank Langin, of Kenosha. The name of Lonergan was assumed by him and under that name he was tried and convicted. A Kenosha lawyer who visited Langin in Fond du Lac and watched the trial, seems to be convinced of the innocence of the convicted man.

Dropped Dead.

John E. Coughlin, one of the best-known labor leaders in the northwest, dropped dead at his residence in Milwaukee. Mr. Coughlin was brought up in Boston and removed to Chicago in 1878, and to Milwaukee ten years later. In 1891 he organized the United Brotherhood of Tanners and Curriers of America, and was president of that organization for three years.

Trust Falls Through.

It is understood by those interested in Milwaukee that the proposed big chair trust has failed of organization. The trust was to have included 70 large manufacturers of the country, among them the Milwaukee Chair company, the chair manufactories of Oshkosh, Two Rivers, Sheboygan and those of Michigan, according to the original plans.

Relief Committee's Work.

The tornado relief committee at New Richmond has wound up operations. In all $120,000 was contributed in cash and $20,000 in supplies. Of this amount the largest share, $57,200, went to aid individuals in rebuilding homes and establishing business. The expense of administration was about $1,600. A full report will be made to Gov. Scofield.

The News Condensed.

Mike Berenz, charged with the murder of John Blumenroeder, an old hermit residing in the town of Marshfield, was acquitted.

Senator W. F. Conger was in Cumberland and laid out a route for a rural free delivery.

Joseph Falter, Jr., a broom maker, was found dead in front of his shop in Eagle by his son. He had fallen off the door step and broken his neck.

Burglars entered the general store of Meyers & Chase in Abbotsford and took goods valued at $125.

Dr. R. V. Gregory, formerly a resident of Dousman, has been appointed United States surgeon and is en route to the Philippines.

Rev. Henry Hoerig, pastor of the Immanuel church in Watertown for the past 22 years, has accepted a call to Menomonie.

Fifteen thousand acres of wild land were sold to actual settlers in Barron county in one week and the influx of new settlers is increasing daily. It is now believed that the county will show a population of 25,000 next June.

H. E. Nicolai shipped a carload of cows from his farm in Big Bend to his farm in Skagway, Alaska.

Robert Bruce, an old resident and prominent upon the board of trade, died in Milwaukee at the age of 76 years.

The corner stone of the First Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran church will be laid in Manitowoc.

On account of the road not being completed within the time limit the county board at Washburn declared void the $30,000 bonds voted to aid the Bayfield Western railway.

Ezra Reed, a resident of Racine for over 50 years, was found dead at his home in Mount Pleasant, having died of heart failure. He was 87 years old and very prominent in the early days.

Three of the largest foundries in Racine have closed and will remain so until the trouble between the foundrymen and molders is settled.

Two Mormon elders are proselyting in Sheboygan county.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Binks—"Who originated football?" Jinks—"Some undertaker, I dare say."—Pick-Me-Up.

Fred—"It would take a brave fellow to marry Miss Spitfire." Jack—"So it would; but his bravery wouldn't do him any good afterward."—Town Topics.

Silence Appreciated.—Mrs. Henpeck—"You heartless wretch! My contempt for you is too deep for words!" Henpeck—"Thank goodness for that!"—Philadelphia Record.

With Emphasis.—"What is that blue streak in the air?" Crimsonbeak—"Oh, that's the colonel talking to the man in the gas office over the wireless telegraph."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Polite Tramp.—Lady—"I think you are the worst looking tramp I ever saw." Tramp—"Ma'am, it's only in the presence of uncommon beauty I looks so bad." Lady—"Bridget, give this poor man something to eat."—Somerville Citizen.

Bill—"I'm making money selling mice." Jill—"Whom do you sell them to?" "The professor of music on the next block." "What on earth does he want mice for?" "Why, he uses them for trying the voices of young ladies."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mistress—"Jane, I've mislaid the key of my escritoire. I wish you'd just fetch me that box of old keys. I dare say I can find one to open it." Jane—"It's no use, ma'am. There isn't a key in the 'ouse as'll fit that desk."—Melbourne Weekly Times.

Brown—"You say you are passionately fond of golf. I suppose you play a great deal?" Smith—"Don't play at all. Don't know the first thing about the game." Brown—"And yet you are passionately fond of it? That's funny." Smith—"Not at all. I'm a dealer in golf goods."—Boston Transcript.

EMPHASIZED HIS LAST WILL.

How an Old Steamboat Captain Tried to Prevent a Contest in Court.

"I am free to admit this story sounds a trifle fishy," said a New Orleans lawyer, chatting over an after-dinner cigar, "but I happen to know it is absolutely true. Last summer a local business man, whom it isn't necessary to name, made a new will of rather an elaborate and peculiar character. 'I am bound to say to you,' remarked his attorney, when the document was completed, 'that I think it more than likely your children will make a contest if this will is ever probated.' 'I'm going to have a talk with them on that very subject,' retorted his client. 'Yes,' replied the attorney, 'but when your voice is stilled forever they may think differently about it.'

"That remark set the old man to pondering, and he finally hit on a very picturesque expedient. He had a phonograph at his office, and, putting on a fresh cylinder, he roared his last injunctions into the receiver, in his most impressive style. Then he carefully removed the record, swathed it in cotton wool, and filed it away with the will. Next day he sent for the lawyer and gave him specific directions what to do after the demise. 'I want you to call the family together,' he said, 'and read the will carefully from beginning to end. As soon as you get through and before they have time to talk about it, start the phonograph going and let 'em hear my last message. Be sure to have a good, big horn on the machine and see that everything is in first-class working order. You had better keep the thing in your office,' he continued, 'and any time a contest is mentioned just turn it loose.'

"The old gentleman was a steamboat captain in his early days and he has a way of giving an order that makes one jump to hear it. I am inclined to believe that his scheme is a good one, and that his parting adjuration, coming as it were from the grave, will have a highly-discouraging effect on litigation."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A Duke's Escape.

The custom of deceiving people on the 1st of April and then calling them April fools was once more general than it is now, and on one occasion it was turned to good account. Francis, duke of Lorraine, and his wife were imprisoned at Nantes. On the 1st of April they planned to make their escape. Disguised as peasants—he with a hod on his shoulders and she with a basket of rubbish on her back—they passed through the gates of the city. As they did so a woman recognized them, and, running to the guard, told the sentry who they were. "April fool!" cried the soldier, and all the guards laughed and shouted: "April fool, mother!" The story was told the governor as a joke, and he laughed, too. Soon, however, it was discovered that the woman spoke the truth, but by that time the fugitives were well on their way. The 1st of April saved them.—London Chronicle.

Monopoly in Gambling.

Don Filipe Martel, the famous gambling house proprietor of the city of Mexico, had made a fortune in the business before the government decided to abolish gambling houses by levying on them a license tax of $1,000 a day. One by one the gambling houses closed, and when the field was clear Don Felipe Martel approached the authorities with $1,000 in cash and demanded a day's license. In a few hours his place was thronged. At a single stroke he had won the patronage of Mexico and his doors have never been closed since. The daily outlay of $1,000 is not missed from the daily revenue of thousands.—Chicago News.

Don't Sting the Birds.

An eminent naturalist tells how a blackbird will stand at the side of a hanging wasp's nest and deliberately tear it to pieces, in order to get at the larvae, apparently undisturbed by the swarms of angry insects.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

Entered at the Postoffice at Rhinelander, Wis., as second class matter.

A WRONG IMPRESSION FORMED.

New North Articles Have Been Misconstrued—Relative to Agents in Camps.

It seems that a wrong impression has been formed by a few of our townspeople relative to a couple of articles that have appeared in The New North in regard to barring agents from logging camps. We had no intention whatever of injuring any person's business and simply told the story as 'twas told to us as matter of news. We have several in the city who are engaged in such lines of business that have heretofore carried representatives into the camps and no person living would rather see them continue and thrive than the writer. As we understand, the heads of these logging firms are not after the scalps of the legitimate business men, but on the contrary the traveling fakirs from afar, whose object is to visit the camps for the purpose of playing their skin games. We are heartily in favor of allowing representatives of permanent institutions access to the camps and think, in fact are positive that it was not the intention of barring them. Our attitude has been pictured in a false light and we trust that this item will right matters.

A Pleasant Social Function.

The home of Miss Bertha Lange was the scene of a social function last Friday evening that proved a great success. Progressive cinch was played, in which about twenty-five of her friends participated, five tables being occupied by the convivial ones who enjoyed the evening immensely. During the evening those present were treated to music by a gramophone. The gent's prize was taken by R. R. Clark and the lady's prize by Miss Jeanette Kyle, while the booby prizes were captured by Henry Britt and Miss McIlree. The appetites of all were appeased by the serving of a palatable supper. The hostess received many deserved compliments upon the excellent arrangements.

Election of Officers.

At the meeting of Laraway Tent No. 17, Knights of the Maccabees, held last Wednesday evening, Dec. 13, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Commander—P. A. Brown, re-elect.
Lieut. Com.—Carl Krenger.
Record Keeper—John Greenwood.
Finance Keeper—John Hanson.
Chaplain—Rev. C. M. Hitchcock.
Physician—T. R. Welch.
Sergeant—T. Bruett.
Master at Arms—H. C. Boeh.
1st M. of G.—J. W. Jones.
2nd M. of G.—A. A. Benufleau.
Sentinel—L. Vetting.
Picket—A. Lindegren.

Take Heed, Delinquents!

During the past two weeks, The New North has sent out statements to each and every delinquent subscriber in hopes of having all accounts settled by the beginning of the new year. It is earnestly hoped that those who have received a gentle reminder will not be backward in coming forward and settling their accounts. It may look like a small amount to the individual in arrears, but the sum total is very large, therefore we shall insist on settlements of these accounts at an early date.

AN OVERFLOW OF LOCAL

The New North wishes its readers a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Chas. C. Horn transacted business at Hazelhurst the latter part of last week.

Peter Stoltzman returned Monday, after several days' business visit in Chicago.

Chas. Asmondson and son returned the latter part of last week, after a ten days' absence with relatives at Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

Warren Edwards, of Chicago, arrived this morning, being called here on account of the sickness of his brother, B. F. Edwards.

Miss Lulu Raymond, who is teaching school at Three Lakes, spent the latter part of last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Raymond.

The question of engaging another assistant principal for the High school, was discussed at the Monday evening meeting of the Board of Education.

Miss Elizabeth Baker, stenographer for the Brown Bros. Lumber Co., left this morning for Merrill, where she will spend the holiday week with relatives and friends.

The New North is a day late in this week's issue, owing to delay in receiving our ready prints, caused by a blunder of the expressman on the other end of the Soo line.

Miss May Preston is filling the position of night call girl in the telephone exchange during the enforced absence of Miss Adice Demars, who is confined to her home by illness.

It takes but a minute to overcome tickling in the throat and to stop a cough by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. This remedy quickly cures all forms of throat and lung troubles. Harmless and pleasant to take. It prevents consumption. A famous specific for grippe and its after effects. J. J. Reardon.

Fayette Harrigan while having a ride on a load of wood coming into town Tuesday, fell off the sleigh and was run over by the load. The little fellow was very much scared and hurt quite badly, although there were no bones found broken. Riding on "bobs" is rather dangerous for small people.

Miss S. M. Becker, who has been spending the past five weeks at Mt. Clemens, Mich., where she has been taking the famous mud baths for rheumatism, will return Tuesday. The many friends of Miss Becker will be pleased to know that she is greatly improved in health.

As a cure for Rheumatism, Chamberlain's Pain balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Anderle & Hinman.

The Priscilla's fair given at the Congregational church last Saturday was a great success and well attended. A nice sum was cleared by the young ladies. The fancy work and confectionery on sale were all first-class and appreciation was shown by the very liberal patronage accorded.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Some time ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefitted.—Thomas C. Bowen, Glencoe, O. For sale by Anderle & Hinman.

Jeffris.

Mrs. Robt. Green and daughter, Margaret, visited friends in Rhinelander, Friday.

Mrs. John Flynn visited friends in Rhinelander, Friday.

Mrs. Geo. Dickinson was called to Wausau, Friday, by the serious illness of a sister.

D. K. Jeffris returned to Janesville, Friday.

Sim Warren, a Northwestern conductor, was in town Saturday and acted as conductor on D. K. Jeffris' logging train for a run on the main line.

Jimmie Wilson and Edwin Kathan, of Rhinelander, spent Saturday in town.

A party of the young people enjoyed a sleigh ride out to Camp No. 2, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Brazell drove over to Rhinelander, Monday.

Mrs. Jas. DeLong spent Monday in Rhinelander.

The new dynamo came Thursday and is now in position. It is a machine of the Edison type and is manufactured by Thos. P. Benton & Son, of LaCrosse. Its voltage is 110 and has a capacity of two hundred 16 candle power lamps.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace VanGalder drove over to Rhinelander, Saturday.

Ben Swiler, who has been clerking in the company's store, left for his home at Altona, Mich., Tuesday. Arthur Nickel is filling his place in the store.

Episcopal Church.

The first Christmas service at St. Augustine's Episcopal church will occur Sunday evening (Christmas Eve) at 7:30 o'clock. There will be special music. Miss LaSelle will sing a solo, "Bethlehem." On Monday morning (Christmas day) there will be a plain celebration of Holy Communion for communicants at 7:30 a. m. At 10:15 a. m. will begin the principal Christmas service, a festal celebration of the Eucharistic "Sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving" for the gift of a Savior, preceded by Morning Prayer.

Strangers are always welcome to these services of this church.

C. M. Hitchcock, Pastor.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, County Court for Oneida County. In Probate.

Notice is hereby given that at a general Term of the County Court to be held in and for said County at the Court house in the city of Rhinelander in said County, on the 1st Tuesday, (being the 6th day) of February A. D. 1900, at 10 o'clock A. M., the following matters will be heard and considered: The application of Christina Gross, administratrix of the estate of Matthias Gross, late of the Town of Pelican in said county, deceased for the examination and allowance of her final account of her administration and for the assignment of the residue of the estate of Matthias Gross deceased, to such persons as are entitled to the same.

By order of the Court.
Dated Dec. 20, 1899.
J. M. Harrigan, County Judge.
4t-22-1t

Select Oysters

received twice a week from the Baltimore oyster beds—at Frenchies' Restaurant.

Cows For Sale.

I have sixteen head of Jersey cattle which I will sell cheap to dispose of them, having undertaken a logging job this winter which will require all my time. Call early and make selection. Barney Moran.

Special Christmas Offer.

We will give free with every dozen finished cabinets photographs, one photo pin, gold plated, the latest novelty on the market. Any picture desired will be shown on the pin. This order will hold good until Christmas. Carl Krueger & Co.

For Sale.

Four heavy draft horses, three tote sleighs, two box stoves and two heating stoves for water tanks, one plow and other material owned by the Atlas Lumber Co. Inquire of Geo. O'Donnel, Lake View House, Rhinelander, Wis. tf

Fire Sale.

Twenty tailor made suits will be offered for sale at 50c on the dollar Saturday, Dec. 23, 1899, at Krueger & Dickie's tailor shop, in the First National bank building. These suits were made up last spring and summer by Clifford & Brennan, and were not called for. They were slightly damaged by water caused by the fire in C. Fredrickson's store building.

E. P. Brennan.

For Sale.

Frame house, two story, containing sixteen rooms, located one block from Rapids House. For sale at a reasonable price. Terms easy. Inquire of E. P. Brennan. tf

A SURE CURE FOR CROUP.

Twenty-five Years' Constant Use Without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by Anderle & Hinman.

Bids Wanted.

The purchasing committee of the county board of Oneida county, respectfully solicit bids for furnishing 150 cords of wood to be delivered at the court house in the city of Rhinelander on or before the first day of March, 1900. The following is wanted:

75 cords of yellow birch.
75 cords of hard maple.

Bids must be filed with the county clerk no later than 10 o'clock a. m., on Friday, December 22, 1899. The committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids. The contracting party will be required to give a bond for double the contract price of the wood.

S. Kelley,
Fred Coon,
E. B. Crofoot.

Dated Rhinelander, Wis., December 6, 1899.

The Best Cough Medicine. Every Bottle Warranted.

Knowing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be a medicine of great worth and merit and especially valuable for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, we will hereafter warrant every bottle bought of us and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of a 25 or 50 cent bottle. For sale at Anderle & Hinman's. tf

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received until Dec. 27, 1899, at 12 M. by the undersigned committee of the school board to deliver wood for the schools of the city of Rhinelander as follows:

120 cords 4 ft. delivered at High school bld'g
60 cords 4 ft. delivered at McCord " "
60 cords 4 ft. delivered at Curran " "
60 cords 4 ft. delivered at South Park school building.
10 cords 16 in. delivered at McCord annex school building.
10 cords 16 in. delivered at West Side school building.

All of the above wood to be green, sound split body, hard maple and yellow birch, not less than 50 per cent. hard maple, and to be delivered as above on or before April 1, 1900. Bidders will be requested to furnish bonds. The committee reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated Dec. 18, 1899.
A. D. Sutton, Chairman of Com.

To The Public.

We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using it. It is the most successful medicine in the world for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. For sale at Anderle & Hinman's. tf

Leland Hotel.

CHICAGO.

Michigan and Jackson Boulevards.

American Plan $2.00 Per Day and Upwards.
European Plan 75 cents Per Day and Upwards.

Special Rates by the Week On Application.

First Class in Every Way.

CHAS. W. DABB, Proprietor.

GRAND OPERA HOU[SE]

E. E. STOLTZMAN, Mgr.

A thrilling Comedy-Drama.

A BLACK HEIFER.

Tuesday Eve. Dec. 26.

A story of New England life introducing

DAINTY MAE WILKINS

and a strong supporting cast.

ROMANCE! PATHOS! LAUGHTER!

An abundance of clean refined specialties.

Prices 50 and 35 cents; Children 25c.

GRAND SPECIAL SALE!

Men's and Boys'

FINE SUITS

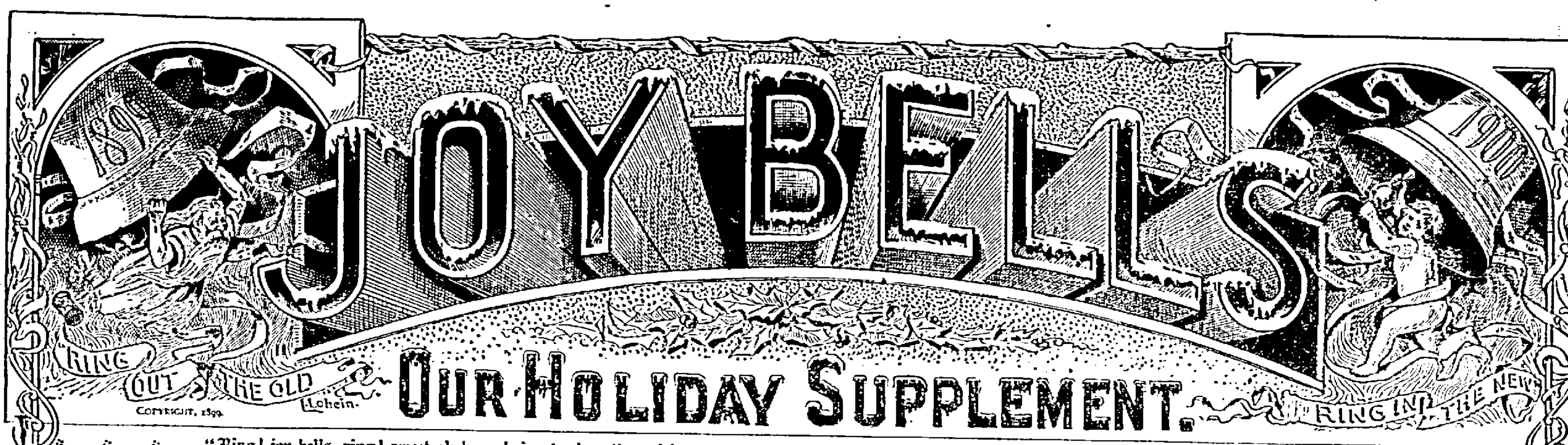
—THIS WEEK.—

Fifty Suits at Prices From $1.50 to $6.50.

10 Dozen Duck Coats and Mackinaw Jackets, going at $1.00 and up. We also have a new stock of Shoes, Overshoes, Rubbers, Shirts, Fine Neckwear, etc., which will be sold at reduced prices.

Call and be your own judge.

Rhinelander, Wis., Dec. 19. C. FREDRICKSON.



"Ring! joy-bells, ring! sweet gladness bring to cheer the waiting earth! Your chimes prolong the angels' song that told the Saviour's birth!"—Mrs. A. J. Lilly.

AS ADVERTI
are being closed out at 1–
If we fit you you ge

doubled walls ... tunnel became convex.

They saw it, and for a day a each other that it was not so. night they set a long straight across the floor and leveled it. It t the middle, and, nailing both e the side frame, they left it.

By the early dawn the middle straight edge was 1¼ inches s mud. The foreman said this end of it. But Keeley sent fo stuff, and, leveling the floor ag set in a solid bottom 14 inche and beat it down with sledges. the sides he set timbers leng and on them three more struts the roof. And he saw the flo level.

But the roof was convex, downward.

"We've done all we can," s contractors. "If it holds now, w have made nothing. And if it hold"—

For in the contract the finish nel was to stand a month before ance.

They went to their tents and poker to pass the time. But, they were now idle and their m charged, the bill was busy.

The next day cards were a we They paced the groaning hol dawn to eve. Men going east who had heard of the mud looked in, and the strange noise some of them. On Sunday half from the contractors next abo came to view it. The end of t was now but five miles away, of the track layers came to offered bets against its standi came down and shook his he rode back.

"I give it a week," he said ... less than a week K

THE bell of the St. Nikolaas church was merrily going, the bell of the quaint church in New Amsterdam's fort close by the blue water that rippled around nhattan Island. Ding ding ding-ding!

It was Christmas eve, and did not St. ikolaas' bell have a right to swing mer-'y? It seemed to say: "Christmas com-g, coming, coming," and in its joyful tones ne might have caught the echo of that jubilant proclamation: "For unto us a Child born, unto us a Son is given, and the gov-ment shall be upon His shoulders, and is name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Swing and ring, O bell! Christmas was oming. Ring away, O iron bell! To Gov. ter Stuyvesant stamping around the le Holland town on his wooden leg, to townsfolks in baggy breeches or quilted tticoats, to the weary sailors in the ghters that had pushed up the canal dividg De Heeren Graft (to-day's Broad street), the seamen in the craft moored by the ore, the thought of Christmas brought a new joy.

Hans Van Schenkel stood on the stoop of the shop where he sold beaver skin and other furs, but the ringing of the bell brought no special satisfaction.

"What is that bell ringing for?" he asked, turning to his daughter Katryne.

"It is ringing for Christmas, I think, fa-er, and that is good news."

Verily, daughter, there is something bet-than Christmas, and that is that snow ning, and thou hast a home with thy r."

pity these without—a—home—" Then e stopped and her blue eyes so filled with rs that they were like sapphires floating fountains of crystal.

Come, come, child, thou hast a good What is the matter with thee?"

u knowest, father."

mph!" growled Hans. Then he broke "I know what ails thee. Thou art g for that sister of thine, and is it any fault of mine because she would, yes, would, in spite of all I could say, marry that English sailor, that Jack Lang? I warned her. When, then, she went into the wilderness was it my fault?"

Katryne turned away to hide the pearls that fell so freely from her blue eyes. She thought of the day when Jack Lang and Lysbet Van Schenkel stole through a gateway in the wall of the palisades running where Wall street now is and giving a name to it. The lovers disappeared there, and not for a long day was Lysbet seen, but Jack never. It was said that they were married by an English clergyman, somewhere, at some time. Finally came a story that the sailor had died, and soon after the arrival of these tidings there came through a gate in New Amsterdam's wooden wall a worn and weary woman with a babe in her arms. Where she was received and sheltered Hans did not know.

"She had my name once," he doggedly asserted, "but she is no child of mine now." One might naturally feel that this wintry night Lysbet and her babe would be exposed to the coming storm. That swinging bell might say: "Rejoice, rejoice," but was not there room in some hearts for the feeling of anxiety? Hans was not at ease. He could not drop this subject that had come up for notice.

"Families," he muttered, "ought not to be broken up by a child's disobedience. She that broke that chain must take the responsibility."

"If broken, father, can it not be mended?"

"Not unless wisely, justly done."

"Christ says that we must love one another." As she spoke she was facing a rude wall picture of the child Jesus in His mother's arms, Joseph standing by. "Look at that, father!" She pointed to the picture. "They love one another, father, and—"

"I love thee, good daughter."

This encouraged Katryne, and she broke out into a bold proposition: "Then why not let Lysbet come home?"

"Katryne! No more!"

Only three words, but he put enough force into them to show what his full opinion might be. She made no reply, but drew a quilted crimson hood over her locks and slipped out of the door. When Katryne returned Hans was in a very painful mood, and he remarked, in a sympathetic tone:

"It is a bad night, my child."

"Yes, father, but Christmas will soon be here."

"Is the watch out?"

"Yes, father, and he almost ran into me, as if he thought I were a savage that had just come down the North river in his canoe and needed to be looked after."

"Humph! The watch is a savage if he can't tell a goodly woman of New Amsterdam from one of those up-river Indians. Unless he follows better fashions I will report him to Herr Stuyvesant. He will beat him with his wooden leg."

"Oh—oh, father!"

"Yust, my child, I was only jesting, and to show that thy father will care for thee."

"I thank thee." After this pleasant and domestic episode there was silence. Hans sat before the broad open fireplace with its frolicking flames and smoking his long-stemmed pipe, while Katryne made her spinning wheel fly merrily round. In one of the pauses of her wheel she said:

"I heard a voice, father."

"It is nothing. The wind, my child, blowing straight from East river and Helle Gat." Burr-r-r-r went the wheel, and then came another pause.

"I do hear something, father."

"The snow sliding down the roof, my child."

"It is something at the door."

"Let me go, Katryne. The watch is up to a trick, I dare say." He went to the door, opened it, and there upon the stoop what did he spy?

"A roll of beaver skin!" exclaimed the fat Hans, stooping and grunting. "Ugh! a Christmas gift of beaver for Hans Van Schenkel." What luck! He bustled back to the fireplace, opened the beaver skin, and here to his amazement was a sweet faced child! It opened its eyes, cried once, stared at Hans, and then, as if it had found a protector, shut its eyes again.

"Oh—oh—father! A poor little babe! Let me have it! I will take it to my bed."

"A foundling, Katryne! Who cumbers my stoop with a foundling? The watch shall take it to Herr Stuyvesant this very night."

"Father, stay thee! Look!" and she pointed at the picture on the wall. "It's like the Christ-child. Wouldst thou turn Him away this eve of the blessed festival of the Nativity? No, no; keep him till I get back, anyway, I pray thee." Katryne was very nimble. Hans was very slow. Ere he was fully aware of it she was under her crimson hood and it was slipping out of the door.

"I keep it only until thy return!" he called, but a stout door of oak was already between her and Hans. He was in a dilemma. The child cried when it was moved to a bed. At first Hans fumed. Then he gradually became quiet. At last he did what Dutchmen have been charged with a fondness in doing—he went to sleep, the beaver cradle still in his arms. He had not ventured to drop it, for what if the baby cried again and the neighbors heard it? The baby had found a protector, knew it would not be separated and had gone to sleep. Hans followed. In his sleep he heard a voice.

"Hans, thou hast the Holy Babe in thy arms, the Christ-child, who comes this night to every home. Wilt thou turn Him away?" He opened his eyes, and there was Katryne. All over the crimson were white doves from the sea.

"Thou wilt keep him, father?" He could but nod his head. She went away, quickly returned, and a woman followed her who knelt beside Katryne at his side and said:

"Father!"

"My child!"

"Thou wilt forgive me?"

"And thou wilt forgive thy father!"

That was all. No, not all. Hans reached out his hands and rested one on the head of Katryne and one on the head of Lysbet. The babe stirred now in its furry cradle, only to look up and smile. And somehow it seemed as if the picture on the wall had got out into the room, and the love and peace in that group of the Holy Family came down like wings, and the air of June had made summer and song that Christmas eve under the roof of Hans Van Schenkel.—Edward A. Rand, in N. Y. Observer.

For the Children, God Bless Them!

I DO not know what thou wilt bring,
What gift, what changes, from the King,
With thee, New Year.
As from His presence thou shalt fly,
There from the palace in the sky,
To me, down here.

I do not know how it shall be,
But whatsoever comes to me,
Full sure I am
That he whose hand the Master holds
May watch the year as it unfolds
With perfect calm.

Content in this sure faith to rest,
That all for him is truly best,
The King supplies.
If tears are sent, or other ill,
He knows they come as blessings still,
Though in disguise.

I welcome thee, then, from above,
For, freighted down, I know, with love,
Are all thy days.
And as they pass, be this my care,
That back to Him each one shall bear
My grateful praise.
—R. G. McLees, in N. Y. Observer.

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The Great Prize Harpy Found in His Lost Stockings—How He Was Accepted.

"She was the prettiest and brightest girl we had at our house party that winter," related the smiling old lady who loves to dwell upon the holiday festivities when she was a girl. "She was a great favorite with the men because of her dashing ways and the air of good comradeship that she always carried about with her. Yet we could never see that any one of her suitors was favored above another, and often wondered if she would fill the appointed destiny of woman.

"In the party was Harper Allisch. We always called him Harpy. He was big, athletic, good natured and good to look at, but we never thought of him as a brilliant man. It was as plain as could be that he was in love with her, and men of his type are so persistent. They lay siege, and, no matter what may come, they continue the siege.

"I know that he proposed to her a score of times, but he was always put off with the laughing assurance that she was not to be won by any of the stereotyped methods, and that if he ever did find a lodging place in her heart he would see a sign.

"Christmas eve we all hung up our stockings outside our doors, just as a lark, you know. In the morning we all had presents to show but Harpy. He pretended to be disconsolate beyond consolation. He had put out a great long pair of woolen stockings, knit in black yarn and tipped in red by a fussy old aunt in Maine who always feared that Harpy never dressed warmly enough. He had not only been slighted by Santa Claus, but the stockings themselves were gone.

"After dinner there was a sleighride of the old fashioned kind. As she raised her dress to clamber into the big sled we all saw that over her dainty shoes she wore heavy woolen stockings, and the toes were red. 'Now I know what I got!' shouted Harpy, and before us all he tossed her into the air, caught her as she came down and kissed her indefinitely." — Detroit Free Press.

THE NEW YEAR.

We Should Meet Its Trials and Temptations With a Strong Faith in God.

The return of New Year's day invites many people to the most somber reflections. Undoubtedly most of us can find abundant occasion for these, but there is such a thing as pushing self examination and self-condemnation to the point of discouragement. The best temper with which we can enter upon the new year is that of faith, faith in God and faith in ourselves through His help. It is about as certain as anything can be that the new year will bring us new experiences. Our courage, our capacity for endurance, our steadiness of character and power of resistance is to be tested. At the end of the year we are going to be nobler men and women than we are today, or we shall have deteriorated morally, and forever afterward there will be narrowing opportunities. While we think of the latter alternative it is well to strengthen our hearts by the former. Let us believe that we are not going to fail and we have taken a long step towards success. When another New Year's day comes around we are going to be able to reckon solid gains in character won through the trials and temptations and emergencies of the year's experience.—Boston Watchman.

The night before Christmas is one of the rare occasions on which the small boy is threatened with insomnia.—Puck.

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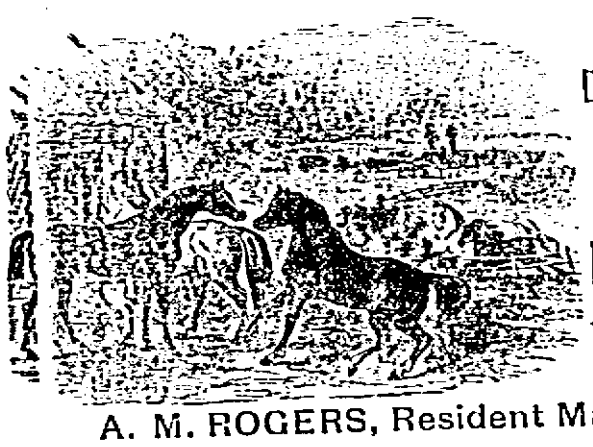

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THE GAMBLERS OF GRAVEL MOUNTAIN.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

[Copyright, 1899, by Morley Roberts.]

"We give you a mighty good price for it!" said the great boss of the railroad as he leaned back in his chair and looked out through the windows of his frame built office. A snowy king of peaks was in the center of the picture, heavy blue sky was balanced by shadows in glaciers far below, the snow ran down the rock, then scant pines fringed the shoulder of a mountain, dipping into dark forest, with the roaring river at its foot.

"But you own up fair and square that this is taking a risk!" said Holdredge, the contractor from Utah. "It's no common kind of job—put work in and take dollars out."

"We lay the cards on the table, Mr. Holdredge."

The lord of railroads threw a packet down before him and, rising, went to the stove. Except about noon, the air was chill at the altitude of the summit when the month was May.

"There's nothing underhand here," said Ross. "What our engineers say you know. One's word is, 'Why, certainly,' and another's, 'It can't be done,' and the third is a Scotchman and has what he calls 'his doots.' But if you and your brother risk it and make it we pay heavy. If you muck it, our share goes, and you'll lose you labor. It's a gamble."

He stirred up the stove with a burned pine stick, which he withdrew, blazing.

"Nature always holds four aces," said the younger Holdredge.

"No," said Ross, "but she keeps her gun ready for all of us when we win. Even a plain piece of rock work at $1 a yard or $2 may spell catastrophe and sudden death."

The Holdredges looked at each other for a long minute and then at the table. This was a strangely quiet gambling house far among the hills.

And the dealer waited.

"I'll straddle the blind," said Holdredge, and his brother nodded.

But as they put their names on paper they felt that on that plain bit of pine lay ten years' work and ten years' money, to be returned with mighty interest or swept off by Ross and those behind him.

"I'm glad you have the grit to take this on," said the dealer. "I'd have given considerable when I was 20 to have such a level chance offered. If you put it through, you make three times as much in half the time as the man who has the fattest job between the summit and the Cascades."

He laughed jovially.

"And if we don't, Mr. Ross," said the younger Holdredge, "we'll establish a claim on you for a long station in the Columbia valley, where two men can start afresh with short shovels."

But when they were outside they shook hands.

"It can be done," said Keeley Holdredge, the elder.

"I reckon," assented Bill.

Yet without telling each other they wrote that night to their wives in their native state to go easy with the money and save what they could.

"We've got hold of the biggest thing here," they said, "but it's the riskiest. It's make a spoon or spoil a horn. But we'll make the spoon, never fear."

They dreamed as they slept in their tent by the foaming waters of the Kicking Horse river that they were rich, that they were poor, that the world was theirs and that it was lost. And overhead was the great Gravel mountain, through which they had undertaken to put a tunnel.

The big men of the east were in a hurry to meet the big men of the west.

By the end of May the valley was a hive of men, and every hour came the sound of great rocks cast down. On temporary rails flat cars ran. Explosions shattered the air and beat the white river whiter yet with the wreck of mountains. In the forests strong men from Michigan and Wisconsin hewed piles of ties, and many working on contract for the Holdredges squared huge balks with broad axes. The crash of falling pines re-echoed; mountain sheep and goats and shambling bears wondered and went north and south. A world of men divided their ancient domain.

Amid the sounds of cataract and snowslide was the elfin shriek of the far locomotive now dominant on the conquered summit, and in the great gravel hill the Holdredges' ants were working, preparing a natural slope among the disintegrated wash of a thousand years. For in solid rock the engineer may cut to what steep angle he will; in hardened earth or schist or clay is another fitting slope, but for all loose material only the natural slope will hold. The angle at which gravel runs is the angle at which it will stay. That is its natural slope.

In June the tunnel began, and with the tunnel the difficulties were unheard, for in the gravel was a bed of blue clay that cut beautifully with a spade or a shovel. It was as strangely pure in color as it was homogeneous. Not a grain of sand gritted on a knife passed through it. A man could stand on a fresh cut slab and hardly leave a mark.

When they came to it, the men called to the foreman, and he sent for Keeley. The sight and feel of it gladdened his heart.

"If it runs through, this will save half the labor," he said, for to timber up the gravel seemed more and more terrible to him.

His foreman looked doubtful, but kept his doubts to himself. He said nothing when the contractor made some men put down slabs of the clay for a track, but he shook his head when Holdredge went away.

In the morning when Keeley came out of his tent and set his foot upon a blue slab he sank in it deeply. He looked for water and saw none, but the men's long boots were daubed with blue.

"Have you struck a spring?" he asked. They told him no.

"It's hard when it comes out," said the foreman gloomily, "but every hour out softens it. Look!"

He lifted a lump and squeezed it. It came through his strong fingers like putty. Water dripped from it.

"How will it stand timbering?" asked Holdredge.

"It stands it so far," said the foreman.

And day by day as they cut their easy tunnel the blue clay outside softened, deliquesced and melted. A high pile flattened; into it soaked the moisture of the mountain air.

In their tent at night the brothers talked obstinately.

"We'll pull it through. It'll be only a matter of timbering," they said. But as they lay in their beds they knew it might be more than that.

Then they struck concrete and cement, a rising bed of it, under the

"This is taking a risk," said Holdredge.

clay. A pick would not touch it. They had to send for drills. Now a quarter of the time was lost by the use of dynamite. It was difficult to keep up the ventilation.

"It's an ill wind that brings no luck," said Bill. "We've something to set the timbers on now."

"We never reckoned on rock work," answered Keeley, "and it soaks the time and the dollars up."

There was a quarter of the tunnel at the west end done before the concrete came in sight. At the east end they struck it at its highest, six feet above the level, and there the work was slow.

Now the brothers were somber. They stood half the day at one end of the work or the other, but, though they walked together, they rarely spoke.

"The Mormon boys look glum," said the foreman to himself. And he felt it too.

"If we come out as we went in, we're lucky," said Keeley.

But Bill hoped yet.

"The timbering holds so far!" he cried.

Yet that night at 10 o'clock, when the world was quiet save for the song of the mountain river, he left his tent and his sleeping brother and went out to the tunnel.

"Tomorrow we should see daylight through it," he said.

The moon was full. At a distance the lower valley was haze, but in the loftier altitudes the peaks pierced the sky with silver spears. The heavens were deep and splendid. Here and there a brilliant star or softer planet showed like the lighted summit of some more tremendous mountain. The air was calm. No wind moved in the forest. The pulse of the river was the one sound in a sleeping world.

Fifty yards from the brothers' tent was the cut in the hill that led to the mud tunnel's black mouth. Every obstacle in the path, bar or pick or shovel or overturned barrow, was as visible as in daylight. But suddenly the southern shoulder of the hill lifted itself against the round moon and for a minute Bill Holdredge walked blinded. He went down a plank laid on the fine clay that was now a puddle and came to the heavy timber of the tunnel's entrance. He walked in, and again night fell upon him, thick night, Egyptian and Cimmerian darkness. He turned round and outside the air was like the thin ghost of day. Sitting down upon a barrow, he rested his head upon his hand. And as he sat the hill talked to him in faint whispers, at first hardly audible, but presently he heard very plainly and lifted his head to listen.

The hill spoke in a language intelligible to an engineer, who, standing there, might have interpreted what it said as the pathologist interprets obscure phenomena to the bedside physician.

"Have you cubed my contents?" asked the hill. "Have you weighed me in your scales and balances? For I am not rock, but gravel. Listen!"

And the Atlantean timbers groaned faintly till the young man's skin bristled and his hair moved. This narrow world seemed alive.

As he sat there with open ears, which gradually grew acute in the stillness of midnight, he heard a thousand voices inaudible in the busy day. Every balk laid flat for the great uprights had its word, every upright whispered, the roof timbers complained, there was a sound that was no sound or like no known sound in the world. If it was like aught, it resembled most a breath of wind in a tuft of grass in a tree. It was like the sound of fine wheat growing in calm after rain. A mouse's cry would have seemed a shriek. As the man who listened held his breath he heard his heart beat like a pulsometer working. But he understood what the minute chorus of the night meant. The wood in the tunnel was beginning to take the strain.

"Beginning," he said, "beginning!"

And when he slept again he dreamed that he and his brother were back in Utah without a red cent. He spoke to Keeley as they breakfasted, just when the men were turning to.

"I couldn't sleep last night."

"No?" said Keeley.

"So I got up and went into the tunnel."

"What time?"

"About 1."

"I was there at 3," said Keeley.

"Then you heard it?" asked Bill.

"She begins to feel it," said Keeley, "but that's of course."

He caught his brother's eye.

"Oh, don't croak!" he cried angrily, and the food was dry in his mouth.

But that day the men were joyful, for daylight ran through the tunnel. And the workers of the east shook hands with the workers of the west, hurrahing wildly at the work which seemed so nearly done. For there is this quality in human workers—joy in toil under fair conditions, joy in strife, satisfaction in defeat, if defeat must come. And to those who knew little this meant victory. Yet the struggle was even now beginning. It began a week later when the timbering was complete from end to end, for only then did the tunnel begin to be audible to gross ears in daylight, when the live world talked, the world that was made of a million insects and 10,000 men strung from the summit to the Columbia.

Among those who worked with the lumber were many rudely learned in the strength of materials, and some of them were very doubtful.

"How does it go?" asked Keeley.

"All right for the present, Mr. Holdredge," said they. And at first they did not add "But"—

Among themselves, in their rude shacks and tents, they estimated the weight of the hill.

"Pine and fir will never hold. We want hard woods, oak and teak."

"Steel," said another.

"And steel won't," said a third.

"If she comes, will she come sudden?" asked the laborers, as they worked with sledge and maul.

But they were paid to risk it. Some left, for their nerves gave way when they took to thinking of a quick run out of the pit. Even those who staid frowned to hear the timber talk. It spoke so loudly of the heavy world above them—the sinking world in the bright air.

Keeley went up to see Ross, and the big man came down to look at the work. He walked through from end to end, and when he was once more in daylight he used the same expression that came to every one's lips.

"Talks a good deal," he said.

Keeley nodded and tried to look cheerful.

"She's settled down, I reckon."

"I reckon not," said Ross, "but she's settling. Shall I send you down Gordon?"

Gordon was the Scotch engineer who had "doots."

"For I think you'd better double timber it," said Ross. He knew what that meant, and was a bit sorry for those who had bet their pile against that pile of gravel.

"Send Gordon," said Keeley, and a rough old Scotch tyke came from Laggan next day.

"Meester Holdredge!" he said as he tumbled off his pony.

"That's so," said Keeley. "And you are Mr. Gordon. Will you walk through now or after dinner?"

"I'm hungry and in a wicked bad temper the noo," said Gordon, "so I'll go through right away and gie you a hungry man's opeenion. And then I'll tak my food and a drink and hae a smoke and gie you a full man's best judgment, for with both I don't often go wrong, Mr. Holdredge. And till you know a man's digestion and his temper you can't trust his word."

He sat down on a heavy balk, which was the step for three uprights, when he came to the middle of the tunnel. It was then the dinner hour and the men were stowing rough beef and rougher pie in a big tent. The sound of their laughter and talk came even into the tunnel.

For five minutes Gordon said nothing. The air was full of strange sounds. A cracking, weeping, whimpering, went on forever. He laid his ear against one upright and listened.

"Hie me the lamp," he said presently. And he looked at the fir he had been sitting on. Where one upright stood on it the balk was compressed two inches. On each side splintery fibers stood up. A little damp oozed from the green wood. He stood back and looked at the upright.

"Gie's a straight edge if you hae one," said he. And Keeley found him a 2 by 4 scantling lying among the balks not yet used.

"Is she straight?" asked Gordon, pointing to the upright.

"I think so," said Keeley, almost sullenly.

But Gordon put the scantling's two inch side against the huge balk, and it only touched it closely on one place—just in the middle. On the other side of the balk the two ends of the scantling touched, but the middle was an inch away.

"She just buckling, man," said G...

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He went through the tunnel again, and the brothers followed. Once or twice he stopped and spoke to a laborer as well as the foreman.

"You wonder," he said to Bill Holdredge, "that I'd speak to these men and hear what they have to say, for I see all they see and mair. But I've learnt to trust to feelings, man, as well as cold knowledge, and till you do you may be a school engineer, but the books are across your eyes and heavy on your mind."

When they reached the far end, he invited them to sit on a fallen tree.

"And now you want my second thoughts?"

"Aye," said Keeley.

And Gordon filled his pipe.

"If you can drop it, and if you hae enough to start on something else, my advice is to do it. I'm not asking anything and don't know how you and Ross fixed it up. But to go on is to gamble."

"Against a certainty?" asked Bill.

Gordon screwed up his mouth and shook his head slowly.

"I'll no say that, but it's long odds."

"And if we go on, what?" asked Keeley.

"Double timber her throughout and get some hard wood if you can. But my advice is to cut your losses and your labor. There's naething in the world so peetiful as honest labor wasted. Goodby, boys, and good luck to you!"

He rode back to Laggan whistling.

"They'll try it; they'll try it," he said. "And I've nae doot they'll bear the catastrophe like men—nae doot at all."

And that very night the second set of timber was ordered. What they could buy they bought. But suitable hard wood there was none within 2,000 miles, and to set that hill on oak pillars was to buy $10 with a golden eagle. As a makeshift new pine and fir fell on flat and mountain slope, and the trees of daylight were daily buried in the pit.

They found the western end, which was clay bottomed, hardest to deal with, and there they doubled the steps and struts first and drove some hard wood wedges in, and under such they blocked the inward, thrusting mud with heavy green planks, measuring 4 by 10, that came from a sawmill humming near the summit. But that here the uprights showed no sign of buckling at first was the deadliest sign of all, for where the cement bottom was it was necessary to put in square blocks betwixt each huge standard. And even then the groaning was more horrid, new strains were established, the mass of timbers became more organic and piped perpetually. Day by day the forests sent tribute to the devouring dragon of the underhill, and soon it

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doubled walls ... tunnel became convex.

They saw it, and for a day assured each other that it was not so. But at night they set a long straight edge across the floor and leveled it. It touched the middle, and, nailing both ends to the side frame, they left it.

By the early dawn the middle of the straight edge was 1¼ inches sunk in mud. The foreman said this was the end of it. But Keeley sent for more stuff, and, leveling the floor again, he set in a solid bottom 14 inches thick and beat it down with sledges. Along the sides he set timbers lengthways, and on them three more struts against the roof. And he saw the floor was level.

But the roof was convex, bulging downward.

"We're done all we can," said the contractors. "If it holds now, we shall have made nothing. And if it doesn't hold"—

For in the contract the finished tunnel was to stand a month before acceptance.

They went to their tents and played poker to pass the time. But, though they were now idle and their men discharged, the hill was busy.

The next day cards were a weariness. They paced the groaning hole from dawn to eve. Men going east or west, who had heard of the mud tunnel, looked in, and the strange noises scared some of them. On Sunday half the men from the contractors next above them came to view it. The end of the track was now but five miles away, and some of the track layers came too. They offered bets against its standing. Ross came down and shook his head as he rode back.

"I give it a week," he said.

But in less than a week Keeley Holdredge came up to him.

"You'll have to make a cut of it, after all," he said.

"Can you take on the job?" asked Ross.

"We're going over to the lakes, sir," answered Holdredge. "I've had a letter from Andy Onderdonk. It was a gamble, and the cards were against us."

They shook hands and parted.

The tunnel's chorus was now portentous. It shrieked and cried and set a man's teeth on edge with horrible grating noises. The steps on which the uprights stood were crushed through: each standard's heavy heel was set in mere wood fiber, as soft, it seemed, as a hank of coir yarns. And where the side thrusts were greatest the short blocks splintered. The ceiling was now a downward hanging arch. The bulging was very obvious. And by no trick of forcing the imagination could the eye behold a level floor. Little shakes and splinters rose on it, as when a man bends a lath to breaking. And every hour or so came a sound like a gunshot, when some drier, overwrought beam gave way utterly. Though its sound brought seeming silence in a moment more the cries of the strained wood were greater and more terrible.

I myself, who write this, was then at work for another contractor two miles up the pass, and one hot Sunday in August, when my mates were lying in their tents, I went to view the tunnel. And, though I was afraid, I walked through its whole dark burrow. It was not the first time I had done it, but it was the last.

There was something uncanny in the groaning of the wood, something awe inspiring. When half way through in the intensest darkness, terror got hold of me, and my hair bristled. Wishing to run, I could not, and I sweated ice as I went. In the daylight at the west end I saw the hanging roof. It seemed to move; long splinters pointed more and more perpendicularly, and the side standards bent like bows. I walked on a curve of floor timbers driven upward by the rising clay. Here and there were jagged points; beams split and opened, ragged with tough fiber. In the hands of the mountain the mightiest trees were match wood.

And outside by their tent I saw the Holdredges loading up a pack pony, while two other little cayuses stood ready saddled. I gave them good day, and they nodded—not uncheerfully, as I thought. And when the pony's load was fixed up I followed them at a little distance as they took their last walk to the tunnel's mouth, which was now shapeless and distorted. Two great rafters had freed their ends and pointed northwest and southwest. The sill was burst and the under clay rose in a strange mud flower. From the tunnel's depth came sounds which were half musical, half discordant, like the loud cry of breaking harp strings.

"It's settling now," said Keeley Holdredge as he took his brother's arm.

And visibly, though with a peculiar slowness, as if of conscious power, the jaws of the tunnel were being forced together. The riven roofing fringed its jagged mouth like yellow fangs, stained blue in places, until it seemed some living monster writhing in agony under a most intolerable weight. But the sounds of the deeper tunnel were muffled. We knew the clay was bursting in at a thousand places. Perhaps even now the long work of gravity was done there. One groan burst out of the closing mouth, and then we heard the whistle of a driven wind hiss through the ragged teeth. But with that came a fall of gravel from the higher hill, and when the dust was dissipated the tunnel was seen no more.

It might have been my imagination, but as the brothers turned away it seemed to me that a great weight was off their minds.

I met old Gordon a mile up the road and stopped him.

"The mud tunnel's down, Mr. Gordon," I said. And he whistled.

"Did you see the Holdredges, man?" he asked.

I nodded.

"And what did they say?"

"Oh, just 'Dash it!'" said I. "And they've gone away whistling. They were good men to work for."

"You ought to know," cried Gordon grinning, "for, you know, they fired you!"

But if I did get the sack at the mud tunnel it was only for having too much to say. And I bore the Holdredges no malice.

An Example.

"Some of the greatest men in the world have met defeat in their dearest ambitions," remarked the statesman.

The friend, who had been morose, looked up cheerfully and exclaimed:

"Of course, they have. It's happening all the time. Look at our baseball club."—Washington Star.

CO. BOARD PROCEEDINGS

(Continued from Eighth Page.)

right of way to the town line between section thirty-one, township thirty-eight, range eight east and section six, township thirty-seven, range eight east. Thence west on town line to the south-west corner of section thirty-six, township thirty-eight, range seven east. Thence north one mile to the north-west corner of section thirty-six, township thirty-eight, range seven east; road to be laid out four (4) rods in width and according to plans and specifications on file in the office of the county clerk of said county.

Made and signed by direction of the County Board by us this 11th day of July, 1899.

E. P. BRENNAN, County Clerk.
GEO. W. PORTER,
Chairman Co. Board.

Award of damages for road in towns of Newbold and Hazelhurst.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, } ss.
ONEIDA COUNTY. }

WHEREAS, upon petition duly made, the County Board of Supervisors of said county did by an order dated the 11th day of July, 1899, lay out a highway extending through the towns of Newbold and Hazelhurst, and

WHEREAS, the damages sustained by the owners through whose lands the said highway was laid out have been ascertained according to law and the amount in the aggregate in the said town of Newbold amounts to sixteen dollars.

Now therefore, the said County Board of Supervisors do hereby order, determine and direct that all of the said damages be paid by the said county and that the said towns repay said county said damages, or so much of said damages as shall be actually paid by said countys in three equal annual payments in cash with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable annually, commencing in the year 1899, that the damages so awarded are particularly described as follows, towit: The owner of lands bordering on said road be allowed and paid the sum of one ($1.00) for each description, and the Chicago & Northwestern R'y Co. be allowed and paid the sum of twenty ($20.00) dollars, for crossing its right of way, and the sum of one ($1.25) and 25 one-hundredth dollars for crossing the right of way of the Hazelhurst & South Eastern railroad and that orders be drawn for the same.

Made and signed by us by direction of the County Board this 11th day of July, 1899.

E. P. BRENNAN,
County Clerk.
GEO. W. PORTER, Chairman
County Board.

On motion of Supr. Clark, the chairman and clerk are hereby authorized to carry into effect the provisions of the foregoing order laying out a highway in the towns of Newbold and Hazelhurst, and they are further authorized to carry into effect the provisions of the foregoing award of damages for said towns.

Motion carried.

Report of committee on Pelican and Schoepke wagon road

We, the undersigned committee appointed by the County Board of Supervisors of Oneida county, Wis., to look after the building of a certain highway through the towns of Pelican and Schoepke, respectfully submit the following report: We have advertised and received sealed bids with bonds of double the amount of the bids of which the following is the amount of the bids received: Charles Cannon, bid ($1,293.60), one thousand two hundred ninety-three and 60 one hundredths dollars. Geo. Kelley bid thirteen hundred ($1,300.00) dollars. Charles Cannon being the lowest bidder on the Pelican part, the committee recommends he be allowed the contract. Geo. Kelley being the only bidder on the Schoepke part of the road and furnished sufficient bonds for the building and completion of said road for the sum of three thousand ($3,000.00) dollars, we, the committee, recommend that said Geo. Kelley be awarded the contract.

We, the said committee, have posted notices of the building of said road according to law in three public places in each town and have awarded damages to the following unoccupied lands, to-wit: At one ($1.00) dollar per description:

ne-sw, sec	20,	35,	10 e.	ne-nw, sec	17,	35,	11e
nw-se	"	"	"	nw-ne	"	"	"
n-sw	"	"	"	ne-nw	8	"	"
nw-se	"	"	"	sw-se	"	"	"
ne-nw	"	"	"	ne-sw	"	"	"
sw-ne	"	"	"	nw-se	"	"	"
ne-nw	"	"	"	sw-sw	"	"	"
nw-ne	"	"	"	nw-sw	7	"	"
ne-sw	17	"	"	ne-se	"	"	"
sw-se	"	"	"	ne-se	"	"	"
[illegible]	"	"	"	sw-ne	"	"	"
nw-se	"	"	"	nw-se	"	"	"
ne-nw	"	"	"	ne-nw	"	"	"
sw-ne	"	"	"	ne-sw	"	"	"
ne-nw	7	"	"	nw-ne	26,	35,	9e
sw-ne	"	"	"	ne-ne	"	"	"
ne-nw	"	"	"	sw-ne	"	"	"
nw-ne	"	"	"	ne-se	"	"	"
ne-sw	5	"	"	nw-ne	"	"	"
sw-se	"	"	"	sw-ne	"	"	"
nw-nw	7	"	"	ne-se	"	"	"
sw-nw	6	"	"	nw-se	25	"	"
ne-se	1	"	1e	ne-nw	"	"	"
ne-se	"	"	"	sw-sw	"	"	"
nw-sw	6	"	11e	ne-nw	26	"	"
ne-ne	1	"	1e	nw-nw	"	"	"
sw-nw	6	"	11e	ne-se	26	"	"
ne-ne	1	"	1e	ne-ne	25	"	"
nw-ne	"	"	"	sw-se	26	"	"
sw-nw	6	"	10e	ne-sw	26	35	9e
ne-se	36	36,	9e				

The nw of se and ne of sw of section 26 is accepted and we award the same two dollars per description. Specifications of said road is hereby attached.

Respectfully submitted.

S. KELLEY, }
R. MORAN, } Com.
H. MINER, }

On motion of Supr. Coon, the foregoing report of the special committee appointed by the county board advertise and receive sealed bids to build the Pelican-Schoepke road be and the same is hereby accepted and the contract to build the Pelican part of said road be awarded to Chas. Cannon, for the sum of twelve hundred, thirty, and sixty one hundredth ($1,230.60) dollars as recommended by the said committee, and the contract to build the Schoepke part of the road be awarded to Geo. Kelley as recommended by the said committee, for the sum of three thousand ($3,000.00) dollars and the award of damages as made by the said committee be and the same are hereby approved by the county board. Motion carried.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LABOR vs. TOBACCO TRUST.

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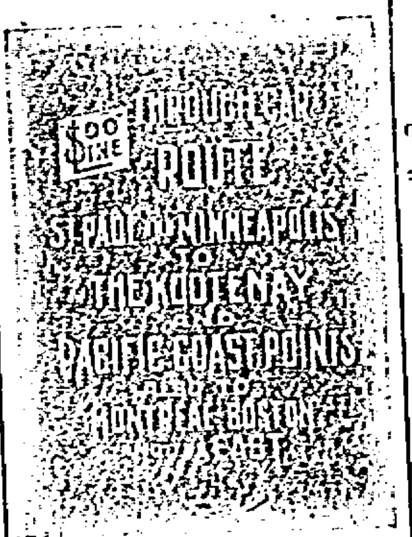

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THE MEASURE OF STELLA'S LOVE.

HE rendered unto him all day
The good saint's due — praise, gratitude.
And with such warmth I'm free to say
It put me in a jealous mood.
So when she came to say: "Good night"
And whispered in my willing ear,
On tip-toe in her gown of white,
Softly: "I love you, papa dear,"
"You love me, but how much?" I said,
And after just the slightest pause
She answered, pulling down my head:
"I love you more than Santy Claus!"

The day had been a happy one,
As ev'ry Christmas ought to be:
There was no dearth of cheer nor fun
And ev'ry bell pealed merrily.
Those near and dear had said: "Good-will"
In more or less substantial ways,
And nothing in the guise of ill
Had called for pity or dispraise.
But Stella's bedtime hour by far
The happiest was to me, because
'Twas then she found, my own bright star,
She "loved me more than Santa Claus!"
—Edward W. Barnard, in Judge.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS FOR MEN.

ELSIE was sitting in her pleasant library, intently reading a neat typewritten list as long as her arm.

"What is it?" I inquired, with interest. "New Year's resolutions," she responded, promptly.

"Goodness, gracious!" I exclaimed, aghast, "you surely aren't going to try to keep that many? It's enough to bring on paresis even to attempt to remember what they're about."

"Don't be alarmed," she returned; "they are not intended for personal use. They are merely a little list I have prepared for some men I know. You see, Dorothy," she went on, earnestly, "I've been thinking over the matter, and I've come to the conclusion that the trouble with us women is that we have gotten into the habit of trying to monopolize all the domestic virtues and self-sacrifice. You can't pick up a paper without seeing a long article on a woman's duty to make home happy, or a wife's duty to her husband, or a mother's sacred duty to her children. But do you ever hear of its being a man's duty to make home so attractive his wife won't want to go out in the evenings? Does anybody ever advise him, when he comes home tired at night, to put on his dress suit and try to entertain his wife to keep her from being attracted by younger and handsomer men? Not much. Do you ever see a roomful of prosperous, middle-aged men sitting around in a father's convention, discussing how to do their duty to their children? Nobody ever did. It isn't right. I'm in favor of giving the men a show and letting them take a hand in the happiness-making and the duty business.

"Now, when the New Year resolution time comes," went on Elsie, studying her list, "I just want to put in a few of my domestic principles, and, my word for it, you will see it will do more real good and bring about more genuine reforms than all the swearing off from smoking and drinking since Adam. Comparatively few women are afflicted with husbands who get drunk or smoke to excess, but millions of us have to put up with men who are in crying need of

"THEY ARE NOT INTENDED FOR PERSONAL USE."

little welcome reformation, and who might make us so much happier if they only could.

"What would I suggest? Oh, lots of things. To begin with: I'd have them make a cast-iron resolution to spend more of their time at home. When a man marries a woman he leads her to suppose he does it because he yearns for unlimited quantities of her society, and it must strike any fair-minded person a good deal like getting goods under false pretenses, if, as soon as the honeymoon wanes, he chases off to the club downtown the minute he gets his dinner, leaving her to solitude and the unexciting delights of her own company. It is a delusion that perhaps a man never appreciates, because he has never been there himself. It didn't happen to him, because the moment he detected a symptom of lonesomeness he would put on his hat and go off to a theater or the corner saloon, or somewhere where there were light and brightness and gayety. A woman has no such resources. She can't go around at night by herself picking up company, but must sit at home, no matter how lonesome and bored she may be. Men are forever wondering why women want to congregate together in boarding places. One answer to the conundrum is that they want somebody to talk to while their husbands are downtown at night. I have yet to see the woman whose husband was a home-keeping and home-loving man who wasn't satisfied to stay there, too. There's one thing dead certain, and that is that if men were as anxious to stay at home evenings as they were to call on a girl before marriage, and if they took as much pride and pains to try to entertain their wives as they do their sweethearts, the domestic millennium would be in hailing distance.

"Another good resolution that would make household angels sing together for joy would be if men would remember that being a woman doesn't make anyone enjoy having all their theories and ideas derided and scoffed at. There are plenty of women who can't venture an opinion on any subject from the weather to the political situation without having their husbands tell them they don't know what they are talking about, and they'd better keep quiet. It may be true, but if a man marries a fool it is his own fault. He picked her out from among all the other women in the world because she was the one that suited him best and was most congenial to his taste, and if she doesn't know a blessed thing he has no right to say a word. As a general thing men fall into this fault of disparaging their wives' opinions through sheer carelessness of their wives' feelings and conceit of their own views. But just let one stop and ask himself how he would like to be continually made to look cheap before the children and the servants, how he would like to have his ideals, and often even his religion, ridiculed, and every time he tried to tell a joke or a good story have somebody who went out into the world more and saw and heard more remind him that it was a hoary chestnut. Could there be a more exquisite cruelty practiced? Yet thousands of women go through this daily martyrdom from men who think they are good husbands. 'Tom was always good to me,' said a poor wretch of a woman, weeping over the body of a murderer; 'he never beat me where the marks would show.'

"Then, it seems to me, a man might resolve not to unload all his troubles on the family hearth. Of course, I know every day a man has to go through with enough to try the patience of a saint, but because cotton has gone down instead of up or things haven't run smoothly at the office is no real reason for slapping Sammy and kicking the cat as soon as he gets within his own door. A man might occasionally remember that a woman has troubles of her own and needs to be cheered and brightened. We are continually told that a woman should always meet her husband with a smile, but no woman can smile long enough or brightly enough to raise the temperature in a house where a man is sitting around with a scowl on his face. It takes reciprocity, and it's just as much a man's business to smile and help to make home happy as it is a woman's.

"There's always room for plenty of good resolutions New Year's day and other days. He might resolve, if he really meant to turn over a new leaf and try to do his part towards making home happy, to make his wife an allowance and pay it promptly, as a debt of honor; to remember that servants are mortal, and that you can't hire a three-dollar-a-week girl to cook like a $1,000 chef; to bear in mind that a woman never gets too old to like a compliment, or to be interested in hearing that her husband loves her and appreciates her; and, above all, to save some of his good manners and good humor for home consumption.

"I don't suppose I'll live to see any of my theories carried out," added Elsie, dolefully, "but I can tell you they are badly needed reforms in a lot of families I know."—Dorothy Dix, in N. O. Picayune.

NEW YEAR IN WASHINGTON

When Every One Keeps Open House with Lavish Southern Hospitality.

Mary Nimmo Ballentine, writing of "New Year's Day in the White House" in the Woman's Home Companion, thus describes the public receptions: "Announcements are published in the newspapers proclaiming the levee at the white house and the exact minute at which the different officials of the government service will be received, but it is usually near one o'clock before the sovereign people are admitted to the grounds.

"The state levee at the white house is but the beginning of the calling that continues throughout the afternoon and well into the night in official and private houses. The official social season is inaugurated on New Year's day in Washington. It is the grand rallying day of the neighborly proclivities of the people of the entire district. Many men make their first and last visit of the year on this day, and only see certain of their friends on this one day of the year. As they grow older these festival days seem to come closer and closer together. Lists are published in the newspapers of the houses where receptions will be held, with the names of the ladies who will assist in receiving. The assisting lady often attracts more callers than the hostess, and newly-arrived families are on the lookout for popular women for their New Year's day receptions. There is no need to interrupt the grand round of calls for luncheon or dinner; the carriage is hired for the day, and, dressed in his very best, the caller must see all the old friends and make as many new ones as time will permit. Everywhere open house is kept in the lavish southern fashion. Tables are loaded with viands hot and cold, supplemented with real southern egg nogg, or a bowl filled from the housekeeper's winter supply of Fish house punch, mixed from a well-guarded formula that is an heirloom in Philadelphia families. The whirl of revelry is intense, but this gala day comes for Washingtonians but once a year, and it is celebrated with true southern warmth and enthusiasm."

Overdoing the Being Good Business.

"I say, Jimmy, don't you think you are rather overdoing this being good business?" volunteered one young hopeful in confidence to his chum.

"Not on your life. Don't you know Christmas is coming?" replied the youngster who was accused of being too good.

"Yes, that's all very well. But you may be makin' a mistake."

"You don't know what yer talkin' about. You ought to hear all the folks at our house talking about 'what a good boy Jimmy is getting to be,' and how that fake Santa Claus is going to give him such a lot of nice presents."

"Aw, yes. That's all right. But, then, I want to tell you that it may not turn out the way you want."

"What are you giving me?"

"Well, I ought to know. I tried your game last year, and I got four Bibles and three Sunday school books for Christmas. Not a pair of skates or anything of the sort. They said they thought I would like the Bibles and the books better. Aw, I tell you, Jimmy, you don't want to overdo the being good business."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Beginning Afresh.

What a breezy sound there is in the words "Beginning afresh." They have a ring of glad new life in them. They put life into the heart that has grown almost discouraged by failure and nerve it for fresh endeavor. Let us enter upon the life and service of the new year under the inspiration which they give.—Baptist Union.

Her Bright Scheme.

First Lady—What New Year's present are you going to give to your husband?

Second Lady—A hundred cigars.

First Lady—And what did you pay for them?

Second Lady—Oh, nothing. For the last few months I have taken one or two out of Jack's box every day. He hasn't noticed it, and will be so pleased with my little present and the fine quality of the cigars.—London Tit-Bits.

Directed Court Amusements.

Down to the reign of Henry VIII., and occasionally since, a "Lord of Misrule" was appointed to direct the amusements of the English court during the holidays. He presided over the festivities, prepared the games, directed the sports and saw that the court was kept properly amused during Christmas week. The office was considered highly honorable, and the "Lord of Misrule" was generally some wealthy nobleman who was willing to spend money lavishly in promoting the gayeties of the court. It is of record that during the reign of Elizabeth, Essex, as "Lord of Misrule," spent in one Christmas season $15,000 of his own money on the court games.—Chicago Chronicle.

For the Children.

"Yes," said Mr. Bykins, "we always celebrate Christmas for the children's sakes. They expect it, you know, and I wouldn't have the heart to disappoint them."

"But you and Mrs. Bykins always remember each other?"

"Oh, yes. I am going to give her a two-hundred dollar coat and I have reason to think she intends to give me a fifty-dollar chair. We always settle well in advance what our presents will be. All we have to think of now is a doll for the little girl and a tin wagon for the boy."—Washington Star.

Willie's Text.

After five-year-old Willie had gone to bed on Christmas eve his mother went into the room to see if he had hung up his stocking properly for Santa Claus. Much to her surprise she found that the little fellow had appropriated one of hers for the occasion and had attached a slip of paper on which he had printed in a bold hand one of the Sunday school texts: "ThE LoRd LOvEth a CheaRfuLL giVveR."—Chicago Daily News.

Progressive Peace.

"We have good times at our house along before Christmas."

"You do?"

"Yes; the children try to please their mother and she tries to please me."—Detroit Free Press.

A Backward Look.

Chris'mus kin be made so much pleasanter ef the stern parunt will on'y let his min' wander back few the time when he made a dash for the ol' chimney-piece himself.—N. Y. Truth.

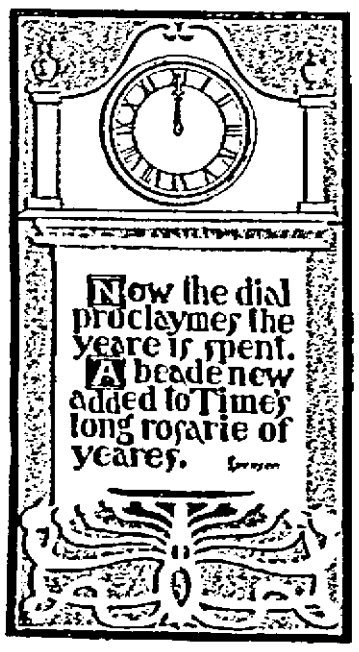
Tact Required.

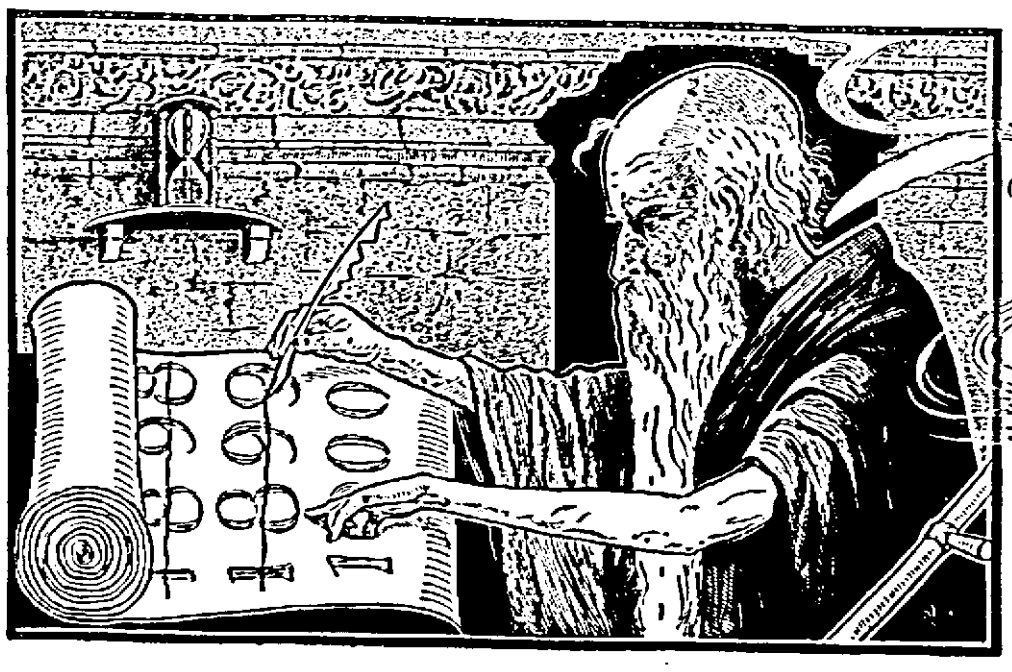
It really requires a marvelous amount of tact to appear thankful at Christmas for something you didn't want.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

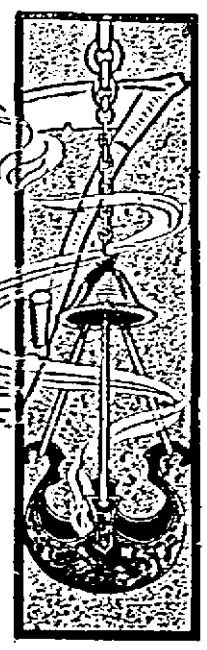
Put Them in Good Shape.

If your morals are in bad shape, the first of the year is a good time to reform them.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

The Start for the Last Lap of the Century.







lie in a big tent. The sound of their laughter and talk came even into the tunnel.

For five minutes Gordon said nothing. The air was full of strange sounds. A cracking, weeping, whimpering, went on forever. He laid his ear against one upright and listened.

"Hie me the lamp," he said presently. And he looked at the fir he had been sitting on. Where one upright stood on it the balk was compressed two inches. On each side splintery fibers stood up. A little damp oozed from the green wood. He stood back and looked at the upright.

"Gie's a straight edge if you hae one," said he. And Keeley found him a 2 by 4 scantling lying among the balks not yet used.

"Is the straight?" asked Gordon, pointing to the upright.

"I think so," said Keeley, almost sullenly.

But Gordon put the scantling's two inch side against the huge balk, and it only touched it closely on one place—just in the middle. On the other side of the balk the two ends of the scantling touched, but the middle was an inch away.

"She just buckling, man," said

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
E. E. STOLTZMAN, Mgr.
A thrilling Comedy-Drama.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

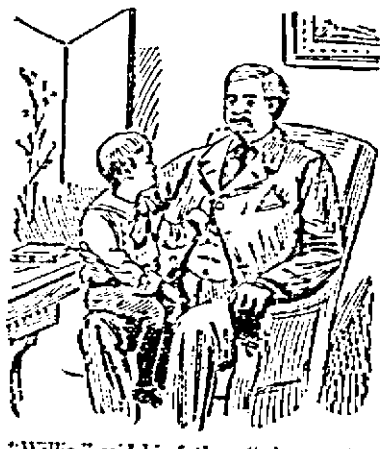
We Should Each and All Try to Make the Day Thoroughly Enjoyable.

"Because we cannot have the Yule log and traditional roast pig, shall we refuse the cheer of anthracite coal and baked turkey?" asks Florence Hall Winterburn, writing on the "Spirit of Christmas" in the Woman's Home Companion. "Or if even the open fire, the mistletoe and the family gathering are beyond us, must we disdain the homemaking attempts of the steam radiator, and find no comfort in the dainty elaborateness of a well-spread table, catering to the needs of a refined modern taste? Suppose the misanthrope (for the recluse who lives only in an imaginary Christmas is a misanthrope) came out of his shell and gathered the young people about him to charm their ears with tales of the old ways of holiday-keeping 'when he was a boy.' Would not this be better than grumbling out protests against the new ways that have their own reasons for being, and offer in turn their own measure of enjoyment to willing spirits? Genial old age is always a welcome presence, and it never suggests any contrasts that put us out of conceit with the pleasures that lie within our reach. But carping, even if it proceeds from the patriarch, is an infliction severe enough to blight any holiday.

"In the nature of things there must be holidays. How poverty-stricken is that soul which does not recognize this necessity and throw itself heartily into the work of helping forward the good time youth and all unspoiled minds accept with gratitude. There is no predeterminate set of conditions for holiday making that need tie adventurous hands, and if traditional customs belonging to Thanksgiving and Christmas are vanished beyond recall we can harmonize the day with our present abilities.

"My sympathy is with those who wish to bring back upon Christmas day the sweet old traditional observances. I love them well, even those that are known to me only by hearsay and were outgrown in that shadowy period alluded to as 'before the war.' But no one thing is indispensable to happiness with any of us, unless with children, and not even with them if judicious substitute is made. Whatever we have, or whatever we lack, the quality that makes the occasion is the spirit we bring to it. Good will never fails to create a good time. It finds merit in rain, lifts fog and lights a cheery blaze within that passes for the sunshine in its absence. And good will has not passed away with chivalry, nor perished under the onrush of science. It lives and breathes now, and is here at this moment to light our Christmas fires and swing incense before our altars. All we need do is to recognize and adapt it."

HIS REASON.



"Willie," said his father, "what good resolves are you going to make for the New Year?" "I'm not going to fight with Johnnie Jones any more," replied Willie. "I'm glad to hear that," said the father; "but why did you make that resolve?" "'Cause," was the answer, "I always get licked."—Chicago Daily News.

Imperishable.

The Christmas bells will silent be,
The Christmas lights grow dim.
The brightness faded from the tree
May leave it gaunt and grim.

But Christmas cheer was never so;
Its echo lingers on,
With memories of long ago
And hope of joys to dawn.

So, o'er all time its might extends
And ready homage wins;
As one glad Christmas season ends
Another straight begins.
—Washington Star.

Wise Precaution.

"There," said the prudent housewife, as she looked over the Christmas decorations, "I think that will do very nicely. Only we must not forget to take the mistletoe from the chandelier and move it to different parts of the room during the day."

"What is that for?" asked her husband.

"I don't wish to wear the carpet out all in one spot."—Washington Star.

CLARK & LENNON--Builders' and Lumbermen's Hardware.

CRUSOE'S BARGAIN DEPARTMENT STORE

A WONDERLAND.

OUR **HOLIDAY BAZAAR** Filled to overflowing with choicest CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Shopping in the forenoons is pleasurable and easy—Shopping afternoons and evenings is pleasurable but not so easy—Come early if possible—but late or early you will be waited on promptly by well drilled salespeople.

OUR GREAT CLOAK OFFER

AS ADVERTISED last week is the principal attraction on first floor. All ladies' Cloaks, Jackets, and Capes, and Misses' and Children's Jackets, WITHOUT RESERVE are being closed out at 1-4 OFF from our regular original low prices on this line of finest garments.

If we fit you you get an unusual mid-season bargain.

CRUSOE'S. THE BARGAIN CHRISTMAS STORE. CRUSOE'S.

Bits of Local Gossip

Beers & Co. lead them all.

Capes and Collarettes at SPAFFORD & COLE'S.

Boiled Cider for mince pies at Richard Reed's.

Try the fresh Buttermilk at Frenchie's restaurant.

Call at the Q. P. saloon and try their free lunch.

Jimmie Wilson was a visitor at Antigo last week.

A third off on Women's Jackets at SPAFFORD & COLE'S.

Men's suits are going at half price at Spafford & Cole's.

Buy your Gloves and handkerchiefs at SPAFFORD & COLE'S.

J. R. Binder was a business visitor at Woodruff, Saturday.

A. D. Dalgle made Woodruff a business visit last Saturday.

Chas. Reiglander, of Woodruff, was a visitor here, Saturday.

Miss Jeanette Kyle will spend Xmas with relatives in Appleton.

Fresh Lettuce, Radish, Parsley and Celery at Richard Reed's.

We are closing out men's suits at ½ price. SPAFFORD & COLE.

Shelled almonds, walnuts and hickory nuts at Richard Reed's.

Wm. Stevens went to his logging camps at Rumery, Wednesday.

The schools close Friday for the holiday vacation of two weeks.

Shoes a specialty in our stock. Elegant makes. SPAFFORD & COLE.

Matt Stapleton purchased a very fine team of horses last Saturday.

Any price now buys a Woman's Jacket. ½ off. SPAFFORD & COLE.

Best underwear in the world for the money. Staley's at SPAFFORD & COLE'S

Knowles Kathan spent the latter part of last week in Antigo, on business.

See the new stock of up-to-date footwear at Spafford & Cole's this week.

Clyde Fields disappeared from the city very mysteriously last Saturday night.

Harry Vanalstine has accepted a position as night clerk at the Rapids House.

Will Gordon, of Woodruff, visited with Rhinelander friends the first of the week.

Miss Maud Ashton will spend the holidays under the parental roof in this city.

Miss Conley, of Hazelhurst Junction, visited local friends the last of last week.

Barney Ballor, of Minocqua, was in the city on business the latter part of last week.

A Merry Christmas to you all and a Happy New Year. CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Joe Reitz, who is logging at Tomahawk, was in the city from Saturday until Tuesday.

For a desirable Christmas gift call at Spafford & Cole's. See our nice stock of lamps.

A.B Newell returned Saturday after several days' absence in the southern part of the state.

Frank Constance, of Waupaca, is in the city this week, disposing of a carload of horses.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Guilday, of the Sixth ward, Friday morning last, a boy.

Elegant free lunch served at the Q. P. saloon every night. Try it. Finest liquors in the city.

Ed. Horn will return next week to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Horn.

The Q. P. Saloon is the best in all its appointments. Leads them all. Free lunch every night.

Wm. Schafer is carrying his eye around in a sling, so to speak, from the effects of a hot coal.

C. Fredrickson has taken the lead.

Mrs. Chas. Guyette is the guest of Antigo relatives.

John Amo, of Jeffris, was a visitor in the city, Monday.

Miss Gersha Vosburg will spend the holidays at Antigo.

Rev. Damon and wife were visitors at Crandon, last Friday.

Miss Sullivan will spend her Christmas vacation at West Superior.

Mrs. Jennie Dean will spend the holidays with relatives at Antigo.

Henry Dennis was a business visitor at Antigo the latter part of last week.

A. O. Hilgerman was in Milwaukee on business the latter part of last week.

Xmas photos at Krueger & Co's. The finest in the country at very low prices.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Ferdon, of Hazelhurst, were Rhinelander visitors last Tuesday.

August Nagel, the Pelican Lake hotel man, was in the city a few days on business last week.

Miss Elizabeth Monsell was numbered among the sick and ailing the latter part of last week.

If you are in a money mood you cannot do better than to come here. CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

S. & G. S. Kelley have started another logging camp about twelve miles north-east of the city.

Charles Plant returned last Saturday from Appleton, where he had been the guest of his parents.

Prof. F. S. Hyer will attend the teachers' institute at Milwaukee during the holiday vacation.

R. Peterson, of the Gogebic Daily Journal, of Ironwood, was the guest of local friends last Monday.

Earl Chafee expects to spend his Christmas vacation with relatives and friends at Hancock, Mich.

H. G. Martin, deputy sheriff of Vilas county, was in the city the first of the week on official business.

Fresh buttermilk by the gallon or glass at Frenchie's restaurant. 20 cents per gallon, 5 cts per glass.

John Didier went to Jeffris, Wednesday, with a crew of men to set up the engine in the new mill there.

W. C. Ogden returned last Saturday, after a week's absence visiting relatives at Madison and Antigo.

Mrs. W. F. Ball will spend the holidays at Stevens Point, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. H. D. Boston.

The new armature was placed in the electric light plant last Thursday and no further trouble is expected.

Buy one of the late style iron lamps for the home, that are displayed by the Lewis Hardware Co.

The bookkeeping class of the High school is so large this year that it will necessarily have to be divided.

Roscoe Vosberg, of West Superior, was in the city the first of the week, the guest of his sister, Miss Gersha.

Chas. Chase came down from Hazelhurst last Saturday, remaining over Sunday with his family.

John Proctor disposed of his big hay team last Monday to the Geo. E. Wood Lumber company, of Woodborn.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Carpenter, of Tomahawk, who have been the guests of local friends, returned Saturday.

P. E. Plunkett left last Monday for Appolonia, where he intends to log for D. J. Arpin, a Grand Rapids lumberman.

Joe Edwards, of Chicago, is in the city, having been summoned here by the serious illness of his brother, E. F. Edwards.

Chas. Thurston has gone into the woods as foreman in one of Brown-Robbins Lumber company's logging camps.

Mrs. R. Churchill, Berlin, Vt., says, "Our baby was covered with running sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her." A specific for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. J. J. Reardon.

Miss Lottie Cole, of Lac du Flambeau, will spend Christmas in this city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. La Pres.

Don't forget to secure a $20.00 tailor made suit for $11.00, at the Fire Sale at Krueger & Dickie's, Saturday, Dec. 23.

J. Samways has moved his family into his new brick residence on the south side, which was recently completed.

Mrs. Myrtle Hamilton went to Pelican Lake, Wednesday, to remain a few days, the guest of Miss Eva Mason.

Bert. Peters, a collector for the Milwaukee Daily Journal, was in the city the first of the week squaring accounts.

Mrs. J. R. Binder left last Saturday for Appleton, to attend some patients who are troubled with poor eye sight.

Mrs. Wm. Jessie, who has been visiting the family of Frank Goolsby, returned to her home at Antigo, Wednesday.

Ralph Brown, who is attending the Phillips academy at Andover, Mass., will spend his holiday vacation at home.

$20.00 made to order suits for $11.00, Saturday, Dec. 23, 1899, at Krueger & Dickie's tailor shop, Davenport street.

A wild cat was shot near Hebard last Monday and was brought to town the following day, causing some excitement.

Joseph Farr, of Phillips, who recently received a government position to look after Indian pinelands, was in the city, Monday.

For warm underwear call at Spafford & Cole's. They carry the best in the world and sell it at prices to please the purchaser.

Photo pins are all the rage now. Get one at the gallery of Krueger & Co. They are furnished free with every dozen cabinets.

The first sleigh ride party of the season was given last Saturday evening by several of the young gentlemen of the city.

Mr. Durkey, foreman for the Ross Lumber company, of Arbor Vitae, was in the city Saturday on business connected with that firm.

A little knowledge as where to buy your Christmas toys is not a bad thing to know. We can please you. CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Columns of details would still leave the greater part of our story untold as to our stock of Christmas goods. CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

There is a satisfied, glad expression on the stream of faces that march through the aisle at the Cash Dept. Store. It's Xmas buying.

W. D. McIndoe, of Barron, Wis., the Fred Upham Lumber company's northern representative, was a visitor in the city last Thursday.

Dave Gillette arrived the latter part of last week from Warrens, Wis., to spend the winter with his brother, Howard, of this city.

Thomas Curran, an assistant physician in the Northern Hospital for the Insane at Winnebago, is enjoying a vacation with local friends.

The Cash Department Store is playing to a full house this week; its Christmas week you know. We can please you. Cash Dept. Store.

Spafford & Cole offer extra inducements to purchasers this week. Call at their big store and see what you can save on Christmas purchases.

The Q. P. Saloon, which was recently remodeled, is becoming noted for the free lunches which are spread out nightly for patrons of the bar.

It is reported that a couple of gentlemen will start a rink on Mud lake in the near future. It would no doubt prove a paying investment.

Mrs. Chas. Morrill returned last Friday from Daney, Marathon county, where she had been called by the death of her father, Mr. Druso.

Don't postpone sitting for a photo. The gallery of Krueger & Co. is splendidly equipped for modern work of the highest order. Stop in today and arrange for a picture.

Send your sweetheart a photo of yourself; one of the kinds Krueger & Co. turn out. It will please her best of all.

Mrs. J. McGray, of Hermansville, Mich., is here to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gilligan.

Miss Edith Brown is expected home today from the east to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brown.

The young people are now enjoying themselves skating, the wind having blown the snow off Booth lake, also the Pelican.

Mrs. Geo. W. Teal, of Weyauwega, has been in the city during the past week, the guest of her son, J. C. Teal, and other relatives.

Don't neglect to take advantage of the splendid offer of Krueger & Co. They furnish a beautiful photo pin free this week. Call on them.

The concert given by the scholars of the McCord school at Couro's hall last Friday evening was very entertaining and proved a great success.

A number of adventuresome young men who were skating on the Pelican river last Saturday experienced a rather cold bath for this time of the year.

D. F. Ricker, manager of the J. H. Queal Lumber company's interests in this city, will spend the holidays with friends and relatives in Minnesota.

Miss Frances Caulkett, who has been attending school at Grafton Hall, Fond du Lac, will return to spend the holidays with relatives in this city.

Geo. McLeod, of Rice Lake, Barron county, was in the city Tuesday en route to Antigo, to do some scaling for the Fred Upham Lumber company, Chicago.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers purify the blood, clean the liver, invigorate the system. Famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. J. J. Reardon.

LOST—Scotch Coolie dog, black and tan with four white feet; four months old. Been missing for the past two weeks. Leave word at Innes Bros.' plumbing shop.

The little ones have been "being good" for about a week past and recounting their good deeds each night in anticipation of St. Nick's annual call, Monday.

The Lewis Hardware Co. have some fine bargains for holiday shoppers. Stop in the store and see the many presentable things. The price is marked down low.

Tuesday afternoon a quotation contest was given by the students of the High school, the scholar quoting the most familiar quotations to receive a book as a prize.

The Independent Order of Foresters will give their first annual ball at the New Grand opera house New Year's night. Squier's orchestra will furnish the inspiration.

A glance at the countenances of the High school pupils will tell you something isn't right, but you might not at first think of the Christmas examinations which are being held.

Misses Nettie LaPres and Matie Peck, who are "teaching the young ideas how to shoot," near Tripps, will spend the holiday vacation under their parental roofs in this city.

A wreck occurred on the North western road at Merrer last Friday night. The Hils south bound passenger train did not reach Rhinelander until 3 o'clock the next morning.

William Charles Reay, formerly of this city, now a lead'ack at Antigo, has fallen heir to $15,000. He intends to continue business at the old stand.

The people of "log town" have registered a kick and are desirous of having the snow plow visit their section of the city. They say that it is very difficult for them to "get into town."

Mr. J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., saved his child's life by One Minute Cough Cure. Doctors had given her up to die with croup. It's an infallible cure for coughs, cold, grippe, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat and lung troubles. Relieves at once. J. J. Reardon.

Personal—Sady, if you were thinking of buying me a Xmas present I wish you would go to the Cash Department and buy me one of those nice neckties.

The K. O. T. M., a new brand cigar put up twenty-five in a box by M. Marquardt suitable for Xmas presents. It makes a very acceptable gift. Leave orders at factory, Brown street.

We give a prize package with our sales, but you save on many things if your coin trading here, and will give you more toys at the big store for your money. Come in and see for yourself. CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

The Soo line's new turn table arrived last Saturday morning, since which time a crew of men have been busily engaged in getting the same in position and it will be ready for use in a day or two.

If you are looking for a snap, here is one: Tailor made suits uncalled for, worth $20.00 each, will be sold Saturday, Dec. 23, at Krueger & Dickie's tailoring establishment for 11.00. Call and inspect them.

Ed. Rogers and his whole crew are working over time in the blacksmith shop, on account of the great number of sleighs being ordered. He has lately added cutters to his stock of goods.

The disturbance made last Saturday night by several young gentlemen engaged in sleigh riding was carefully watched by Night Police Asmondson, who thought the young men should have had more respect for those of our citizens who retire at a reasonable hour.

Presents galore! The Lewis Hardware Co. offer bargains to Christmas buyers that cannot be duplicated in this section. Stop in; we'll prove the statement. A splendid line of goods to select from.

Miss Annie Gunning, Tyre, Mich., says, "I suffered a long time from dyspepsia; lost flesh and became very weak. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely cured me." It digests what you eat and cures all forms of stomach trouble. It never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. J. J. Reardon.

James Jensen, of Ogdensburg, was in the city Tuesday. He is looking after five logging camps in northern Michigan belonging to the Ross Lumber company. He was engaged in examining the camps at Tomahawk Lake.

J. B. Clark, Peoria, Ill., says, "Surgeons wanted to operate on me for piles, but I cured them with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve." It is infallible for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. J. J. Reardon.

Rev. Geo. Kemp, formerly pastor of the Congregational church, and family took their departure the first of the week for Dodgeville, Wis., where Rev. Kemp has accepted the pastorate of the church there of the same denomination.

R. E. Dimick, a Barron county real estate man, was a visitor in the city the first of the week. Mr. Dimick is deaf and dumb, but notwithstanding these obstacles he manages to carry on an extensive business.

An almost total eclipse of the moon occurred last Saturday evening and was observed by many, especially the young people and several couple. It is said, gazed until midnight, unconscious of the fact that the earth's shadow vanished at 9:30 o'clock.

Miss Anna Jennings, a student in the High school, who has not been enjoying the best of health of late, has acted upon the suggestion of Prof. F. S. Hyer and dropped her studies for the present, but intends to resume them immediately after the holidays.

At the Lyric theater the Biograph pictures of the Jeffries-Sharkey contest will be exhibited next week, every afternoon and evening. These pictures are marvels of accuracy and present in the most minute detail every movement made by the modern gladiators, who contested for supremacy before the Coney Island Athletic club. The display of the pictures require two and a half hours—the period covered by the fight. During this time seven miles of films, embracing 216,000 distinct pictures, pass before the powerful reflector.—Chicago Daily News, Dec. 2. At the grand opera house in this city Monday (Christmas) night, Dec. 25.

John Gilley, a resident of the Fifth ward, passed away last Wednesday night, after a very short illness with rheumatism of the heart. The evening before, he complained of a pain in his side. A physician was summoned but the pain could not be alleviated and death came as a relief.

"I was nearly dead with dyspepsia, tried doctors, visited mineral springs, and grew worse. I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. That cured me." It digests what you eat. Cures indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia. J. J. Reardon.

Engineer James Smith, of the Wabash Screen Door factory, has been dangerously ill during the past week, suffering with pneumonia and little hopes were entertained for his recovery, but at last accounts he was improving. His friends, who are legion, trust that his life may be spared and his recovery speedy.

Engineer Hultgren, while adjusting the brushes on the collecting rings of the armature in the electric light plant last Thursday, met with an accident. His hand came in contact with the armature, giving him a severe shock and burning his hand quite badly. His injuries will lay him up for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Tuttle will leave next Saturday for Pennsylvania. They will remain in Chicago till after Christmas, the guests of relatives. They will then proceed to Meadville, Pa., their old home. En route home they will visit relatives in Ohio. Mr. Tuttle has interests in some Pennsylvania oil fields which he will look after while away.

The members of Co. L, 2nd Regt., W. N. G., of this city, will give their second annual ball at the new grand opera house Christmas (Monday) night. The boys are making every preparation to make the affair a great success. We bespeak an enjoyable time to all who attend, in fact it will be one of the social events of the season, as the boys never do anything by halves. Tickets $1.00.

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy I ever used for coughs and colds. It is unequalled for whooping cough. Children all like it," writes H. S. Williams, Gentryville, Ind. Nevertails. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Its early use prevents consumption. J. J. Reardon.

The tax roll for the town of Newbold was turned in the first of the week and taxes may be paid at the First National bank. It was not generally known where they could be paid and as the bank is centrally located and easy of access, I thought it would be a desirable place. Geo. S. Kelley, Town Treasurer.

Wm. Clark, of this city, and Wm. Allen, a gentleman well known in Rhinelander sporting circles, tested their strength and skill in a wrestling match pulled off at Westfield, Wis., yesterday for $50 a side. Mr. Clark left for the scene of battle Tuesday afternoon. He has also arranged for matches with Dan McLeod, of Minneapolis, and a gentleman by the name of O'Hare, of Montello. Wm. Allen and Tommy Ward have a match arranged to be pulled off in Duluth tomorrow.

Rev. Dr. F. O. Hillier, lately president of the Sheridan college in Wyoming, has accepted the call extended him to the pastorate of the Congregational church in this city and will preach his initiatory sermon next Sunday. Rev. Hillier filled the pulpit in the above edifice a couple of weeks ago and all who heard him speak in most complimentary terms of the reverend gentlemen, whom the members and friends of the church welcome to our city.

A splendid performance. That is what is guaranteed at the Grand opera house on Tuesday evening, Dec. 26, when Rhinelander theatre goers will be given an opportunity to see for the first time, the new and thrilling Comedy-Drama, "A Black Heifer." This splendid play has already been presented in the principal cities of our state and has made a most decided hit at every theatre at which it has appeared. The company includes twelve exceedingly clever people, who interpret their various parts in a manner which is a pleasure to behold.

Christmas Graces

THIN silent are the shady dells,
And southward all the birds have flown,
While breezes through the maples moan
In grief for joys they once have known.
What music all the gloom dispels?
The Christmas Bells! The Christmas Bells!

While earth beneath a silver sheen
Lies white and still when moonbeams glow
On tiny graves where drifted snow
Conceals the blossoms in their woe,
What beauty lights the lonely scene?
The Christmas Green! The Christmas Green!

Though wintry winds are bold and free
That shake the orchard kings of old
Whose autumn wealth of red and gold
No more their rugged branches hold;
What lends with fruitage fair to see?
The Christmas Tree! The Christmas Tree!

When lonely hearts by sorrow tried
Find wealth of earth is but alloy
And love deferred their hopes destroy,
What blessing floods their souls with joy,
Till earth and heaven are glorified?
The Christmas Tide! The Christmas Tide!
—Ruth Raymond, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

MRS. SAXTON'S CHRISTMAS

IT WAS early twilight of the day before Christmas, and Mrs. Saxton sat in her favorite window seat with an open magazine upon her lap. She was not reading, however, but was looking out upon the usually quiet avenue, now thronged with package-laden pedestrians and delivery wagons heaped high with good things for the morrow. The expression of her countenance as she regarded the hurrying throng was a mixture of pain and perplexity. She had considered her own plans for to-morrow settled some weeks ago, but something she had just read had jarred her out of harmony with them and it seemed too late to make new ones. It was not the article on "Christmas Giving" that had done the mischief, but the time-worn quotation with which it ended:

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three;
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me."

Not that the words were new to her—Oh, no! They had been her Christmas motto every year since, when a girl of 15, she had first read the Vision of Sir Launfal. It was this that gave the words such power over her, for on this particular Christmas she had decided for the first time in 12 years to set aside her rule and give her alms without giving herself. She had sent turkeys and other good things to numerous needy families, bestowed largesse upon sundry orphan asylums, homes and hospitals, and otherwise used without stint the money of which she had abundance; but for herself—her house was to be closed, her servants given an entire holiday and she, in the solitude of her own chamber, shut away from all sight and sound of merrymaking, would indulge the bitterness of her grief for the husband she had loved and lost. Last Christmas had been her wedding day, and the husband to whom she had confided her Christmas motto had said, with eyes shining with joy and tenderness:

"And this year the gift is mine—literally yourself—my priceless Christmas gift!"

They had enjoyed three months of earthly paradise and then—there was a railway accident, and a horrible bruised mass, upon which she was not allowed to look, but from which they extracted the ring she had given him and the watch on whose dial was her own picture—this had been brought home at an hour when she expected her husband, and all the light of the world had for her gone suddenly out.

They had wanted her at home this Christmas, but how could she go where everything would remind her of that joyous wedding day? No, solitude was best for her, and so her day had been planned.

But as she sat now in the deepening twilight with the words of her discarded motto echoing in her mind, this quaint saying lodged there from some long past reading awoke to keep them company.

She gave a quick little gasp and a hot wave—was it shame, remorse, or pure amazement?—swept over her. A coward? Certainly not! But a hero—what was a hero? A hero thought only of others—to save, to succor, to uplift others. For this he sacrificed comfort, honors, life even, that is, he gave himself. So it all came back to that after all; and if she carried out her plans for the morrow, would she be a coward? But it was so late to make new plans. Twilight died slowly away and the electric lights flashed out over the busy avenue and still Mrs. Saxton thought. At length she turned from the window, closed her magazine, drew down the shades and turned on the light in her cozy sitting-room and, touching a bell, summoned the housemaid.

"You will be taking dinner with your sister-in-law to-morrow, Nellie?"

"Yes, Mrs. Saxton," responded Nellie, with the tone and manner of a well-bred lady.

"Do you think it would put her out much—that is, do you think she would enjoy having me dine with her also?"

The girl's face lighted with surprise and pleasure.

"Do you really mean it, Mrs. Saxton? Would you? Amy would be so glad. She speaks of you so often. She feels so—"

The girl hesitated.

"Yes, I know, Nellie. My friends are all very kind—kinder than I deserve. Well, then, if you think I shall be welcome would you run over to-night and tell her to expect me? Say that to-morrow will be a sad day and I should like to be among friends. Stay—I shall not need you any more this evening. You may as well stay all night. Then if my coming makes extra work you can help her."

"Work! O Mrs. Saxton, how can you say it? Amy will count this among her very happiest Christmases. You see," she said, with a sudden frankness quite unusual with her, "since my brother has been out of work so much, Amy has a pretty hard time, and sometimes it seems to her as though her old friends forgot her. She says the past is all slipping away from her and the future looks dark. Forgive me for telling you, Mrs. Saxton. She was not thinking of you so much—for she knows you have had trouble of your own—but Amy has been a good sister to me and it hurts me to see her getting so discouraged."

"I thank you for telling me, Nellie. Good night, and a Merry Christmas to you!"

"I was getting to be a coward," she said to herself, sadly, as the door closed upon the smiling girl. "I was thinking that mine was the only trouble in the world."

Nellie's sister-in-law had been a classmate of Mrs. Saxton's in the seminary and one of her many admiring friends. The fact that she had married a mechanic and Mrs. Saxton a wealthy man had not interrupted their friendship, and when the young sister-in-law had asked to be taken as one of Mrs. Saxton's servants, she had been cordially welcomed and given a place of friend as well as servant. But during these months of terrible bereavement she had shut herself away as far as possible from all past associates.

From little remarks that Nellie let drop occasionally, Mrs. Saxton had half-suspected the state of mind into which her old friend Amy Harris was lapsing; and the thought that had come to her, when she sat in the twilight trying to reconstruct her plans, was that her own deep sorrow might in a way minister to Amy, might remind her that, in spite of financial hardships, she still had the best that life could give, her husband and her children; while she—Sunshine Saxton—as she had always been called—in spite of wealth, had nothing.

"TELL ME," SHE WHISPERED, WITH DIFFICULTY, "HOW LONG?"

When Sunshine Saxton made up her mind to give, she gave unstintedly and without grudging. Having resolved to give herself that Christmas day, she determined to be no specter at anyone's feast. Therefore, alone in her bedchamber on that beautiful Christmas morning, she fell upon her knees and opened her heart to the ever-new, Divine message of "Peace and good will to men." And when she came out dressed for dinner, it was with a smile upon her face—not a glad, joyous smile, perhaps, such as it had worn a year ago, but a wistful, yearning smile as of one who would fain bear the "glad tidings to others."

"She looks just like the Christmas Angel on that big card in the store window," whispered one little Harris boy to another when she had left her wraps in their tiny bedroom and came forth to greet them cordially and take her place by the open Franklin stove which was their Christmas hearth.

And indeed, as she stood there, in a dress of soft white wool with white chrysanthemums upon her breast and the sunlight from the window touching her wavy blonde hair and the firelight flickering across her delicate features and dancing in her deep blue eyes, the artist of a "Christmas Angel" might have chosen a much worse model than Sunshine Saxton.

At dinner the talk drifted naturally and safely back to the old school days, and Nellie and her brother exchanged glances of satisfaction as Amy's laugh rang out now and again with an old-time heartiness which the cottage walls had not echoed for many a day.

"Oh! I had almost forgotten to tell you," said Amy, as they lingered over the dessert in the mid-afternoon; "you remember Carrie Cramer?"

"Yes, very well. A brilliant girl. She did not finish her course. I have often wondered what became of her."

"Oh, she married like the rest of us. Her husband was a poor artist with consumption. He died two years ago and left her with three children, no money, and—his disease."

"How sad! That girl ought to have had a brilliant career. Where is she now?"

"She lives only a few doors away. I only discovered her a few weeks ago, and then by chance. She had a hemorrhage and the children, who were alone with her, became frightened and ran over here for help."

"You say her husband left no income. How, then, do they live?"

"Upon the little she earns with her pen. She was our best composition writer, you remember. But it is a meager and uncertain income. Besides, it is hastening her death. The doctor says she cannot possibly live until summer. She sits indoors and writes and coughs when she ought to be in the open air and sunshine."

"Why did you not send me word? Certainly she needs a friend—friends, rather—I know you have done all in your power, but I must do my share. Poor woman! Poor Carrie! Who could have imagined such a life for her!"

"I thought of you, and meant to tell you sometime, but your own trouble was so great—"

The street door, which opened directly into the sitting-room, which on this occasion served as dining-room, was pushed suddenly open and a delicate girl of seven or eight years, with wide-open, frightened eyes, rushed into the room exclaiming:

"O Mrs. Harris, please come quick! Mother has another—"

"You will excuse me," said Amy, springing to her feet and turning to her guest. "It is Carrie's little girl. Her mother is ill again. I feared it. She was working so hard this morning to make a merry Christmas for the children. She said," lowering her voice, "that it would likely be the last they would spend together."

"I will go with you," cried Mrs. Saxton, rising also.

They found their friend lying on the lounge, fainting from loss of blood and scarcely able to speak. Yet she gave a smile of recognition as Mrs. Saxton took her hand. She knew who was to be guest at the cottage. Mrs. Harris had promised to bring Sunshine to see her after dinner. In one corner of the room stood a tiny Christmas tree which she had been helping the children decorate when the hemorrhage came. Under its branches sat three-year-old baby Carlie crying quietly, with her present for mamma, a little pen-wiper made by her own hands guided by her sister, clasped close to her breast. The eldest child, nine-year-old Ralph, had gone for the doctor.

The pathos, nay, the bitter agony of it, struck home to Mrs. Saxton's heart so sharply that for a brief moment her own trouble seemed an insignificant thing.

"Have they no one when their mother goes? No relatives to look after them?" she whispered to Mrs. Harris.

She shook her head sadly.

"Absolutely no one, she tells me. To leave them to public charity—the thought of their separation from each other—that is what makes dying so hard for her. Ah! here comes the doctor."

He bent over his patient tenderly, counting the flickering pulse. She looked into his face beseechingly.

"Tell me," she whispered, with difficulty, "how long—"

He did not answer at once, but at last her look compelled him.

"An hour—two—perhaps."

Then the three children gathered close about her now. Her eyes rested upon them with a look of unutterable anguish.

"Don't, mother!" cried the boy, sharply, placing one arm about each sister. "I will take care of them. They shall not separate us. God will help me."

Mrs. Saxton stepped quickly forward, looking more than ever like a Christmas angel as she gathered the three children suddenly in her arms.

"They shall be mine," she said. "God has given them to me—a Christmas gift to fill my empty home."

The dying mother half raised herself. Joy struggling with doubt shone in her face.

"Yours, Sunshine? All three? Not—separated—?"

"Yes, mine—all of them—if you will give them to me. I have money and nothing else in the world. I want them. See," she continued, bending to kiss her dying friend, "you go to join your husband; your little ones shall comfort me for mine."

When Sunshine Saxton stole into the hastily prepared nursery for a last look at the three sleeping children late that Christmas night, her face had a look of deep content which promised well for her future and for that of her new-found treasures.

"It is always so," she whispered. "'Give and it shall be given to you * * * * good measure.' It was so little I tried to give this morning, and see what has been measured back to me!"

She pressed a kiss upon each tear-stained face and went out with Christmas peace in her heart.—Ella Beecher Gittings, in Chicago Advance.

A CHRISTMAS JOKE.

How Grimmer's Anger Was Turned to Joy While Demolishing a Christmas Present.

"Funniest Christmas scene I ever witnessed was only a year ago," laughed the broker whose laugh is all the more cheery because he made a recent hit in wheat.

"Grimmer lives next door to me, you know. Peculiar old gentleman, but he has a heart as big as a Yankee cheese, if you only know the way to reach it. Last Christmas I was sitting at the window when I saw Grimmer come storming out of the house with a little hair trunk on his shoulders. He slammed it down so hard that the lid flew about on one hinge and then went on a dog trot to the barn, returning with an ax. As the ax began to fill with fur and splinters, I went out to ascertain the trouble.

"'I'll tell you,' the old man yelled, in a defiant tone. 'I'll tell everybody and anybody. Put it in the papers if you want to. The old skinflint of an uncle of mine sent the trunk last month. At the same time I received a letter from him insisting that the trunk was not to be opened till Christmas. I opened her all right enough, as soon as I had breakfast. What do you think there was in it? A lot of old literary frumpery that no secondhand book store would handle and more cockroaches than you could put in a peck measure. I guess I wasn't mad,' and the old gentleman let go with the ax as though he were trying to fell a bullock. 'Outrageous insult,' and this time the wreckage was completed.

"In the false bottom exposed there were government bonds, greenbacks and quarts of gold. Grimmer stared and then sat down in a collapse. It was an hour before he was himself again and then there were tears chasing each other down the wrinkles of his face as he wrote the 'old skinflint uncle.' You never saw such a whirl as we had at Grimmer's that night."—Detroit Free Press.

PRINCES' HOLIDAY SHOPPING.

The Children of the German Emperor Are Taught the Value of Money.

Writing of "Christmas with an Emperor," Nagel von Brawe gives this interesting description in the Ladies' Home Journal of the ceremonies attendant upon the great feast day in the German palace: "The royal children have exchanged gifts chosen with much solicitous deliberation at a well-known toy shop. Anyone happening to be in the shop at the time might have seen the empress enter with her children, each provided with his own purse, and completing his purchases aside so that the others might be surprised. The younger three princes demanded the advice of their mother in their selections. The princes investigated everything, but upon inquiring the price generally found it too dear. 'Three marks for this book-rack?' and with a glance into his purse. 'No, that is too expensive. I haven't over 75 pfennigs. What can you give me for that price?' And the shopgirl proceeds to show the princes something quite nice for the required amount.

"But now the brothers and sister have exchanged thanks for their gifts; the first impetuosity of the Christmas rejoicings has given place to a more tranquil examination and inspection, and ladies and gentlemen of the court have made the rounds in a general state of admiration. Lackeys prepare a collation in the midst of the gifts, for which, however, the young people find no time. It fares with them as with all healthy children in the excitement attendant on Christmas Eve, for they are healthy and genuine German children. The Christmas celebration in the Shell salon, the excitement and the rejoicings have produced their natural reaction on them, and at nine o'clock even the elder princes are abed."

THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

Mr. Honeymoon (somewhat hesitatingly)—My dear, what a queer taste to this turkey. What do you suppose ails it?

Mrs. Honeymoon (loo-looing)—Why, darling, you don't blame me, do you, if it isn't just right? I took all the pains in the world with it, even to the stuffing with cranberries, which mamma told me always go with roast turkey.

A Christmas Episode.

Tom—Marie jumped six feet when I told her she was standing under the mistletoe.

Jack—Then you didn't kiss her?

"Oh, yes; she jumped in my direction."—Brooklyn Life.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT

WORK AND PLAY.

The boys were waiting in the road
For Joe to come and play;
"We'd like to know what keeps you so,"
Impatiently cried they;
"We've waited nearly half an hour.
Do hurry, Joe," they cried.
"I'll be there—when my work is done;
Not till then," he replied.

"Come on, come on; the work can wait,"
They urged, "till by and by."
"It might, of course, but I don't think
It will," was his reply.
"When I've a task to do, I like
To do it right away;
Work first, my father says, then fun;
And what he says, I say."

Hurrah for Joe! Such talk as that
Is what I like to hear.
But many boys will not agree
With Joe and me, I fear.
Play first, and last, and all the time
Would suit most boys, I know;
But that, I'm very glad to say,
Is not the way with Joe.

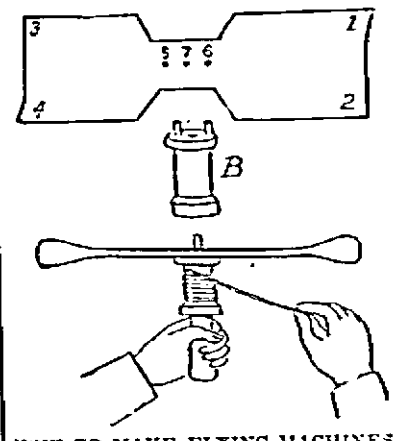
When you've a task to do, my boys,
Don't put it off, and say
You'll do it when you've had your fun;
But do it right away.
This "putting off" soon forms, my lads,
A habit to deplore;
Who promptly does his work enjoys
His pleasure all the more.
—Ellen E. Rexford, in Golden Days.

TOY FLYING MACHINE.

Can Be Made by Any Bright Youngster from an Empty Spool and an Old Tin Can.

Get an old tin can, and by setting it on the fire melt off the ends, first one then the other. Then cut the cylinder apart and flatten it out so that you will have a perfectly flat piece of tin. From this cut a piece the shape shown in the picture (a), five inches long and one and a half inches wide in the widest part. This work can easily be done by a pair of old shears.

Now procure an empty spool, one with a large body if you can get it, and in the top drive two wire nails (b), and with a file cut off the heads of each. In the narrow part of the strip of tin make three smooth holes (5, 6 and 7), two of which (5 and 6) will fit snugly over the



HOW TO MAKE FLYING MACHINES.

nails in the spool, and the third (7) will be directly over the hole in the spool.

Now give the corners (1 and 4) a slight turn downward, and the corners (2 and 3) a slight turn upward, and having placed the strip of tin on the spool, fitting it down over the nails, you are ready for your first experiments in flying.

Get a brad-awl or a small knitting needle fastened into a stout handle of wood, and pass it up through the spool and through the center hole in the tin. Then wind the spool with a piece of string just as you would wind a top. When this is done hold the awl handle in one hand and pull the string sharply with the other.

Of course, the spool will spin, and you will be surprised to see your tin machine whizzing through the air like a thing of life. If the weather is calm it will sometimes go to an astonishing height, but you can't have as much fun with it in the wind, for then it will play all sorts of pranks turning and twisting and finally coming down to the earth with a rush.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Snake in Her Tea Kettle.

A Kansas woman, in making the usual preparations for supper, took a tea kettle to the cistern and pumped it full of water. Then she carried it to the kitchen and set it on the stove. In a few moments she heard a most remarkable splashing of the water in the kettle, and turned from her work to examine into the cause. Just as she was about to raise the kettle a snake stuck its head out of the spout. With an excusable scream the woman seized the kettle, ran out into the yard, opened the lid and poured out the water and a scalded snake. The reptile writhed slowly away, but whether it survived its hot bath is not known, but if it knows anything it will stay out of cisterns in future.

Told of a Clever Canary.

Remarkable cleverness is sometimes displayed by birds. "I had a canary," says a gentleman, "between the wires of whose cage I used to fix a piece of lump sugar. One day it dropped out, and when picked up was found to be quite wet on one side. This surprised me, and I replaced it in the cage, with the dry side inward, and determined to watch the bird's proceedings. After a few ineffectual attempts on the hard sugar the bird went to the water glass, filled its bill, dropped the water on the sugar and repeated this several times. When the sugar was thus softened it began to eat it. Apparently here was thought—a calculation of means and a use of them."

San Diego, Cal., has a lemon grove covering 1,000 acres. It is said to be the largest in the world. It was begun in 1890, with 170 acres.

PHILIPPINE MICE.

They Wriggle and Squirm, Twist and Turn, and Perform All Sorts of Strange Capers.

You have all seen white rats and mice. You all know how cunning they are, how spry and playful, and what dear little pets they become. Not one of our readers but has at some time owned a few of them or has a friend who has had some. The raising of mice has become a fad of late, and in the east the fanciers are breeding them in colors.

It is a curious sight to see a cage full of these variegated little rodents. Imagine, if you haven't seen them, a yellow mouse, one of chocolate hue and another that looks for all the world like a tiny black-and-tan dog. Some of them are spotted and look like pygmy fox terriers. But the strangest of them all is the Philippine waltzing mouse. Mr. Shroerlucke, a Cincinnati dealer, obtained two pairs of them less than three months ago and he now has two dozen on exhibition in his windows.

WALTZING MICE.

They were brought from the far away Philippines by a German naturalist of Berlin, and a Cincinnati physician returned with them here. Just what their native habits are has not been learned, but stop before one of Mr. Shroerlucke's windows and watch the curious little things for a few minutes and you will discover the meaning of their name. They cannot walk three feet in a straight line when they try and it does not look as though they often tried. They wriggle and squirm, twist and turn, and when they are roused they will whirl and spin until they make you dizzy to look at them.

They waltz as nearly as a four-footed creature can. Through the day they like to sleep, huddled together and curled up like little balls; but at night they begin their dance and keep it up for hours, never seeming to tire.

The above cut will give you an idea of their appearance. They are white with black spots or patches, and are smaller than the ordinary white mouse. The head is flatter and longer and the bodies and legs are shorter than those of the common sort. No description, however, will convey an adequate notion of their peculiar waltz. One must see them at their queer antics.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

DISAGREEABLE TRAITS.

Sometimes They Impair the Usefulness of Otherwise Upright and Conscientious Men.

Squire Granby was dead. The village people had gathered in the church to hear his funeral sermon. The old doctor, with his nephew, John, who was down from the city, sat in a back pew.

The minister told what everyone there knew to be truth of the dead man. A faithful believer in Christ, a man of high integrity, in whose justice and honesty the whole community trusted, liberal to the poor, walking blameless under every moral law.

"Was all that true?" said John, as he and the doctor walked home.

"Every word of it."

"And yet," said the young man, "I got the impression the other day at the funeral that neither his neighbors nor his family felt his death very deeply. Indeed, I fancied I saw a look of relief on their faces."

The doctor was silent for a moment. "You are too shrewd an observer, Jack," he said. "The squire loved to manage. He was a busy, energetic man, and he thought it his duty to lash every man and woman who was not as busy and energetic as himself. His tongue was like a goad. He was a man, too, who never praised or encouraged anybody. His wife and children probably never heard a word of commendation from him in their lives, strive as they might.

"Then he complained incessantly of the weather, of his food, of the state of the church and the country; of all that his family did or did not do. When he came into the room you felt that a chilly fog had closed in upon you.

"And yet, in spite of these faults, the squire was faithful in his heart to his friends and to God. He probably never was conscious of these disagreeable traits, but they were so noticeable that his neighbors, and even his children and his wife, could not help a certain feeling of relief when he was gone."

"I wonder," said Jack, "if he knew, when he wakened in that other life, how depressing and unpleasant a Christian he had been in this?"

"And I wonder," said the doctor, "if there is no way for you and me to find out our petty faults—our disagreeable personal traits—in time to mend them here in this life?"—Youth's Companion.

Told of a Little Poetess.

Dorothy, aged five, is much given to rhyming. Her mother, coming into the room not long since, found her seated on the floor with a book of child verse on her lap and her three-year-old brother at her side. Upon being asked what she was doing, she replied, "I am reading to little brother. I make the pieces up myself and they are just as poemy as they can be."

The area of the world's coal fields is 471,500 square miles.

GRANDMOTHER RUTH.

By Ida Preston Robinson.

IT WAS a dreadful thing that had happened. The children moved about the house with awed faces, even Baby May seeming to feel that this was not the time to laugh and coo. The father had gone to his office with a grave face, that did not even brighten as he kissed the little ones good-by—something that they had never known before, and that let them know how very bad it was.

Up in her dainty bedroom Ruth lay white and still, her eyes opening from time to time, seeking her mother's face, which was always close to hers, the firm white hand holding the smaller one in hers tenderly. The doctor had said little. He had gone about his work quickly and carefully, his face betraying no sign to the woman who watched it so anxiously. But out in the hall, at length, he told her the truth. There was no hope—Ruth would never walk again.

The mother clasped her hands in silence. Little Ruth, her little daughter, who had always been so gay and cheerful, to be doomed to a life of suffering and hopelessness! It was too hard! How could the child be told? And she would ask, and ask for the truth, too.

"It was a dangerous fall," the doctor said. "It was a wonder that she was not killed—a miracle almost. As it is, she will live for years, an ordinary lifetime, perhaps, but not an active one. There is no hope for that."

"Mother!" The voice came from the sick room, and Mrs. Morris turned a pleading face to the physician.

"Keep it from her if you can," he said, in answer to the look. "But you know better than I which course to take. Sometimes it is wisest to tell at once."

"Mother, dear!" the voice called again, and Mrs. Morris opened the door, her heart sinking as she met the questioning look in Ruth's eyes. "I want to know, mother, dear," she said. "You must tell me just what the doctor told you."

"My brave little daughter, aren't you content to leave it with me just for a little while? Isn't it better so?"

Ruth shook her head. "I want to know!" she cried, piteously. "I want to know just what he said."

"Never walk again!" She echoed the words after her mother, whose heart was torn with pity as she watched the struggle on the pale little face.

"Thank you, mother; it's so good to feel that I can trust you," her voice came, at length; but it was years older, and as she turned her face to the wall her eyes had a look in them that haunted her mother for days. "Will you tell the children? Will they understand what it means? No, I don't want anything, thank you, nothing at all."

The calm despair in her tones went to her mother's heart, but she saw that words were useless and left the room, which was the wisest thing she could have done, for the child could not hold out much longer, and she sobbed now until a certain relief came to her. "Never to walk again!" She had heard of people like that—had read of them, and the recollection of it all made her shudder. She was like that now—would always be like that!

Days passed, and she still remained in a half dazed state. Nothing interested her, nothing moved her at all, not even when she was lifted from the bed and put on the couch that had been made ready for her. The children, after their first awe of her had left them, came to her room and talked merrily of their school, companions and amusements, but these hours were always followed by such long periods of weeping on the part of the sufferer that they had to be stopped, and a gravelike quietness reigned in her room, even when the younger people were there.

One afternoon Bess, the pretty, oldest daughter of the house, came running to Ruth's door. "Would you mind mending this glove for me, Ruth?" she asked. "I wouldn't ask you, but I'm in a hurry, and everyone is so busy." Her voice showed that she had qualms about asking the favor, and Ruth hastened to show her willingness.

"Is the needle here? Oh, yes. Run along, Bess, and it will be ready when you are."

But it had been finished for some time when her sister claimed it. There was a dreamy look in Ruth's eyes when Bess thanked her and kissed her good-by that made the older girl, even in her excitement, feel a thrill of pity for the helpless little sufferer she had just left.

But Ruth was not thinking of this. The envy she usually felt when the others went out for their pleasant times had passed away, and she was having a struggle with herself.

She had not been brave! They had called her that, but she had been cross and fretful all the time since that dreadful morning so long ago. She had made people uncomfortable by looking unhappy when they were cheerful, and they had never reproached her for it, but forgiven it all because she was suffering and unhappy. But was it fair that she should make others unhappy because she was? Of course they always would feel that way, and the best thing for her to do was to be cheerful herself. Bess had asked her to mend her glove just now; that was surely what she was good for. There were many things she could do as she lay there, for she never was in a hurry now. A tear came with the thought, but was hurriedly brushed away as another idea came to her that made her smile.

That was just what the dear old grandmother next door did for the large family there. She was too feeble to move about much but she was always in her room ready to help if help were needed, and always had a cheerful word for anyone in trouble or pain. A grandmother was what the Morris family had always lacked, and Ruth had often envied her friends next door because they had one, and had sometimes pretended to herself that the dear grandmother for whom she was named was really living, and could console her for her troubles.

Why, now, couldn't she be a little grandmother to her brother and sisters? There were often times when some one was needed to speak the pleasant word, to do the little deed which was so small that no one had time to notice it. Then everyone would like to come to her room, instead of shunning it, as now. She clapped her hands joyfully.

"I'll do it!" she said. "I'll begin right to-day and surprise them all."

She did. It was Charley who first discovered it, when he came home from school, and stuck his head through the doorway for an instant, to see if she wanted anything he could do for her.

"Yes," she said, nodding gleefully. "You can. Come here."

The surprise on his face when she asked him to kiss her showed her more plainly than words could have done how careless she had been about such little things before. Even Baby May was gladly welcomed and amused in a delightful fashion; so delightful that she cried when taken away. When Ruth fell asleep that night her head was full of plans for the future.

It worked beautifully; so beautifully that it surprised even herself. She kept her brain hard at work devising new schemes to make people enjoy themselves when in her room.

Her room was the chief part of her plan. Her mother's favorite chair was brought in there; her father's favorite sofa, so that after his day's work he could lie down for a brief rest in this quiet haven, where everyone was always pleasant—for Ruth would have it so. No cross words were ever spoken there, and the curb they learned to put on their tongues when in her presence became a great help to the children, whose voices were softened even when at play around her. Gay Sister Bess, who was something of a butterfly, always brought in the best part of her day to Ruth, who listened with never-failing interest to all that interested her sister; and many a bit of advice was so unconsciously given in her quaint way that it was almost unconsciously received. Bess never knew until later years just how much she owed to that still little figure with the deep, thoughtful eyes and the soft, gentle ways, who was always so grieved at the thought of anyone being made to suffer by a careless word or action.

Her work basket, with needles, thread and colored silks, stood close by her couch, and was called upon many times a day for a stitch to be taken, or a button to be put in place, just at the last moment, when everyone was busy; and Ruth would smile, enjoying the excitement of finishing in time, which after awhile grew to be almost as much fun as hurrying to be dressed in time to go out had been in the olden days.

Then there was her embroidery, the work she loved the best of all and which she did so well, making the home beautiful by the dainty centerpieces, bureau scarfs and other pretty things that always kept the thought of her before them. And at Christmas time it became a regular joke about the mysterious basket beside her, into which her work was always thrust when the door was opened, until she was satisfied it was not the member of the family for whom the gift was intended; for it was one of her strictest rules that her door should never be locked, but that anyone and everyone could come into her room whenever they wished to do so.

And she was happy! Not wildly so, as Bess and the children sometimes were, but always smiling, contented and cheerful—never once letting anyone see, by word or look, that she grieved over the unfortunate accident that had changed her life. "Little peacemaker" they called her at first; then their "sunshine," or "joy." It was not for some time that they learned just what she was doing, but when they did they began to call her, playfully, "Little Grandmother," or "Grandmother Ruth." Even the friends of the family took up the name.

Children and grown people felt the gentle sway and came under it willingly, although she did not know this for several years. It came to her when she was older, when one day an impulsive girl dropped down beside the cripple and told her what an influence she had had upon her life.

"You will never know," she went on, "just how selfish, mean and cruel I would have been if it had not been for your gentle manner when I first met you. It is to you I owe all that I am now, all that I hope to be!"

Ruth brushed away a few tears when she was left to her own thoughts, but they were happy ones this time. It was so good to feel that she had been useful in spite of her helplessness. It almost made up to her for all that she had most loved and lost. Almost? She repeated the word lingeringly—almost—was it as much as that? There was a joyful cry in the hall below. Charley, just returned from his year at college, was being greeted at the door rapturously, but above the glad cries she heard his voice ring out with a note that went straight to the lonely heart.

"Wait!" he cried. "I'll see you all in a minute, but first I must see Little Grandmother!"

Almost? There was a happy look in Ruth's eyes as they turned to the door to greet him. Almost? Her arms were held out to him. Ah, she knew now!—Youth's Companion.

No Love for Either.

Kelly—Oi'd loike to see thot African war lasht for wan hoondrid years!

Ryan—Phwy?

"Because Oi tink be thot toime all th' Dootch an' most av th' English wud be extinct!"—Puck.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Some Small Bits of Information Which May Be of Value to the Cook.

"Cape Cod turkey," alias the more plebeian codfish, proves one of the best "constarts" for a long journey. Sandwiches pall, cake dries and crumbles, sweets of all sorts are cloying, meats spoil after a few days, but a Maine or Massachusetts cod, lightly salted, holds its own, even if the journey extends into weeks. An excellent appetizer and relish, a strip of the cod proves one of the best antidotes or remedies for either sea or car sickness. A bit of the cod broiled over the coals is frequently accepted by the capricious appetite of the invalid, when more elaborate dishes fail to reach that variable "right spot."

It is still scarcely understood how delicious and wholesome celery is when cooked. After utilizing the heart and tender stalks for a relish or salad, the tougher outer stalks will furnish a delightful vegetable for the next day's dinner. Cut in inch lengths and stew gently in boiling salted water for an hour, or until perfectly tender. Pour off the water and season with milk, butter, salt and pepper to taste. Cooked celery goes excellently well with chicken or veal.

Dried herrings, served a la backwoods' style, make a tasteful relish for luncheon or supper, especially if the meal be taken al fresco. Lay the fish on a tin plate and heat in the oven or over the camp fire until well heated through, when the dried skin peals off as readily as a kid glove.

The curious green particles that distinguish the genuine Roquefort cheese are merely the crumbled, coarse bread of the French peasants, which is thrown into the cheese. The cheese is then carried to cellars hewn out of the solid rock along the sides of the hills and there stored until it attains its peculiar flavor.

New rice is much inferior in quality to old, and is liable to produce indigestion and rheumatism. It should not be eaten for at least six months after it has been gathered. The seeds are then dry and hard, and have the yellowish tinge, while new rice is perfectly white.

Where peanuts are to be used in quantity for a "peanut hunt" or for salted peanuts, it will be found much cheaper to buy them raw in quantity and bake them in the oven. This is but little trouble and will be found much cheaper.

A very delicate way of preparing oysters is to put a bit of butter in a frying pan. When hot put in the oysters salted and peppered. Shake gently until they begin to curl and serve on squares of buttered toast.

To change the atmosphere in an invalid's room pour some good cologne into a soup plate and with a lighted match set fire to it. The cologne makes a pretty flame and imparts a welcome freshness to the air.

A new fancy in escalloped oysters is to use grated cheese on top of the oysters and buttered crumbs.

In making a hard pudding sauce add the sugar gradually to the butter, and it will cream more quickly.

In beating eggs for custard do not beat too light or they will float on top of the milk.—Washington Star.

Sweetbread in Cases.

A cooked sweetbread, two mushrooms, one-half ounce of butter, one-quarter ounce of flour, one yolk of egg, pepper and salt, a little lemon juice, one gill of milk. If you have no ready-cooked sweetbread on hand, put a sweetbread in a saucepan of cold water on the fire; bring it to the boil, then allow it to cook gently for about ten minutes. If possible, allow it to get cold before you wish to cut it up. Cut it into neat dice. Put the mushroom in a saucepan, with a little stock or water, and simmer it for about ten minutes. Then cut it off into neat pieces. Melt the butter into a small pan, stir in the flour smoothly. Add the milk, and then stir over the fire till it boils. Now add the pepper, salt, lemon juice and beaten yolk of egg. Now add the sweetbread and mushrooms, and simmer gently for three or four minutes to make it thoroughly hot. Then put it either into china or paper ramakin cases and serve at once.—Boston Globe.

Latest Fad in Collars.

The dressing of a woman's neck has assumed more importance lately than almost any other article of her attire, and the smart modiste pays more attention to the cut, fit and style of the collar than ever before in the annals of dressmaking. The new collar is a very complicated confection, and its varieties of form, cut and style are numberless. The main point, which should never be lost sight of, is that it must be very high in the back, while in front it is low enough to be a comfortable rest for the chin. Some of the new collars have two high points rising just under the ears, while others come up in one high point in the middle of the back of the neck. Then, again, a pretty full box plait of soft lace falls over the military plainness in the back, while a narrow ruche of the same lace is turned over the collar in front.—N. Y. Herald.

The Conspicuous Petticoat.

The most important feature of the winter gown would seem to be the petticoat. It is most conspicuous all around beneath the popular tunic, or the redingote, as both in color and material it is generally in sharp contrast to the rest of the frock. Velvet petticoats and those of fur are unusually attractive, so are the ones of white cloth striped in horizontal lines with graduated bands of black velvet ribbon. Plaid petticoats are very smart indeed, especially if the plaid has a white ground, and white and light-colored satin petticoats are no end swagger, many being trimmed with shingles of cloth sewn on with white stitchings.—Detroit Free Press.

THE SIGHTS OF NIAGARA.

Beauties of the Falls When Winter Gets Them Bound with Ice and Snow.

Long years it was said that those who had seen Niagara in summer only had half seen it, and there is no doubt that those who have visited the falls in both summer and winter agree with the statement. In summer's garb Niagara is beautiful, but in the spotless white robe of winter it is doubly so.

This year Niagara has decided to make the winter season still more entertaining there by the construction of an ice palace of attractive lines and size. This palace has its site opposite the state reservation, and it is expected to rival in beauty the famous ice palaces of Canada. But the great feature of Niagara in winter is the ice bridge formation in the gorge. This year a bridge formed on Monday, January 9, and it may be that several will come and go before a bridge sufficiently strong to withstand the river currents and weather arrives, for on January 22 the ice mass moved nearly 1,000 feet, to the imminent danger of a number of persons who were on it. The conditions that assure a strong Niagara ice bridge are a plentiful supply of ice in Lake Erie, a westerly wind to drive it into the river entrance and down stream, and good, sharp weather.

Gradually the pressure of the oncoming ice continues, until the mass piles up along the shores in great ledges, and before long the pressure extending out from the ice lodged on the shores and in the eddies is so great that this ice becomes stationary, and the only movement is seen through a channel in midstream. On either side the moving ice cuts a straight path along the stationary mass, constantly grinding and frequently piling the shore ice up still higher. When this condition arrives it is still evident that an ice bridge is about to form. Darkness may settle before the curious watchers on the bridge and banks have their hopes realized, but with the usual coolness of evening the movement of the ice in the center becomes slower and slower, until finally its course is checked entirely.

This, in many instances, may be but momentarily, but the effect is significant, and soon the ice is so tightly wedged from shore that even the strong current at this point of the river does not move it. This is an ice bridge. Over the falls the ice continues to pour in great quantities. The wind may have the effect of raising the water to a considerable height in the lower river, and this results in piling the ice higher and higher, strengthening the bridge so that when the water falls to its normal condition the bridge lowers and wedges itself from shore to shore. With great mounds here and there about the surface, from which it is possible to look down into the deep crevasses, all forming a rough, broken mass, the true appreciation of the Niagara ice bridge is developed. Should the ice form during the night, morning will hardly break before some adventurous person will hurry from shore to shore in order to win the credit of being the first to cross.

The beauty that one sees to-day may be gone to-morrow, or it may be intensified a thousandfold. While standing in the center of a Niagara ice bridge, views of the falls are obtainable similar to those enjoyed from the deck of the Maid of the Mist, the little craft that plies about the falls in summer time. While standing in the center of some of the famous ice bridges of the past it has been impossible to see the shore line, owing to the mountainous nature of the bridge. It is estimated that only about one-third of the mass of ice is above water, and this basis of figuring would give a depth of from 90 to 120 feet to the bridge.

After an ice bridge has given evidence of being strong, men put out from either shore with lumber and build small, rough shanties as near the center as the eye can judge. In these shanties liquors, cigars, eatables, etc., are sold. Tintype galleries are also established, and when these conditions are reached the Niagara winter season may be said to be in full blast. The liquors being sold without a license, raids are made by the Canadian and New York officials on some of the shanties, and arrests follow. On the New York state side, just to the north of the American fall, an ice mountain forms. It is usually of immense proportions, and affords an excellent coasting place, where, on a bright day, people of many nations may be seen enjoying themselves to the utmost.—Scientific American.

Curry Soup.

A curry soup that is wholesome and delicious is made in this way: Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan. Add two onions sliced and stand on the back of the range until the onions are soft and well done. Add a sliced sour apple, a small stalk of celery cut in dice, a sliced carrot and two quarts of water. Cook slowly half an hour, strain through a colander and return to the fire. Moisten one teaspoonful of curry and add to the soup, together with a teaspoonful of tumeric. Stir to a thin paste in cold water two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, add to the soup and cook ten minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Strain, add a little butter and serve with rice or rice and croutons.—N. Y. Times.

Cranberry Sauce.

Take equal measures of berries and sugar. To a quart of berries allow nearly a pint of boiling water. Cook the berries slowly till tender, then stir in the sugar and cook a few moments longer. Prepared in this manner the berries retain their bright color.—Good Housekeeping.

Wise.

The Codger — Why, Tommy! You wouldn't hit your little brother, would you?

The Kid—Well, yer don't think fer a minnit I'd hit me big one, do yer?—Kansas City Independent.

The Typewriter Invention.

A Statistician has proved that the invention of the typewriter has given employment to 500,000 people, but he fails to state how many cases of weak stomachs and dyspepsia it has induced. All people of sedentary occupation need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It helps nature to bear the strain which ensues from confinement and it is a wonderful medicine. No one realizes this more keenly than the man or woman who has been cured of stomach trouble by its use.

The Ruling Passion with Him.

"Elvira is upstairs getting ready," said the little brother to the stout caller. "I'll go and tell her to hurry up."

"Thank you," said the stout caller. "Tell her to hurry up or to hurry down, just as you think best. Anything to reduce my wait."—Somerville Journal.

They Are Finer Than Ever.

House-cleaning, in most homes, comes but once a year—in the spring—but it comes twice a year for the North-Western Limited Trains. Twice a year both these famous trains are run into the shops for thorough overhauling and cleaning, and such a cleaning as they receive. Every bit of woodwork, nickel and brass is rubbed and polished, all the mattresses and springs are made over, the upholstering is done over, new paint and varnish, and many skilled mechanics finally turn out two brand new trains. In fact, the daily cleaning these trains receive in Minneapolis and Chicago is much more thorough than the most tidy housewife gives her home.

These two famous trains of the North-Western Line have just received their annual house-cleaning and are fresher, brighter and finer than they ever were. They run every night between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago—one going, one coming—and still are worthy the common and well deserved opinion that they are the most comfortable, elegant and easy riding trains in the world.

The Great Test.

"Is Willoughby Winks a companionable fellow?"

"Oh, yes; he makes himself agreeable even when he plays whist."—Detroit Free Press.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mr. Snell—"What are you crying for, Elsie?" His Little Daughter—"I've just read that the diamond mines may be exhausted in seven years, and it's eight before my coming out!"—Jewelers' Weekly.

Winter Excursions.

The very best service, first and second class, to California, Arizona, Texas and Mexico is afforded by the Southern Pacific Company and its connections. Through Pullman Palace Sleepers and Tourist Sleepers from all principal Eastern points.

Personally Conducted Weekly Tourist Excursions via various routes from St. Paul and Minneapolis every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

For detailed information concerning the excursions, rates of fare, sleeping car accommodations and tickets, call upon Local Ticket Agents or address W. G. Neimyer, Gen'l Western Agent, Southern Pacific Co., 238 Clark St., Chicago.

"Feeling ill again? Blow me tight, you must like it. Why, I believe if you was to feel quite well and 'ad nothin' to grumble at you'd die."—Ally Sloper.

Care of the Hands in Winter.

To keep the hands in good condition in cold weather care must be given them. Gloves should be worn when engaged in house work, or going out in the open air. They should be washed in tepid water with Ivory soap, and carefully dried on a soft towel. Too frequent washing, or extremes of heat or cold should be avoided.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

"See how that human skeleton is cracked." "Yes. That man's dead broke."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance. Sold by all druggists.

Selfishness is the only thing that stands between some people and happiness.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Buchmueller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '01.

Don't count your poultry until they get big enough to get away from the cat.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

My Mother Had Consumption

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. A neighbor told her not to give up but try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She did so and was speedily cured, and is now in the enjoyment of good health." D. P. Jolly, Feb. 2, 1899. Avoca, N. Y.

Cures Hard Coughs

No matter how hard your cough is or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you could possibly take. But it's too risky to wait until you have consumption, for sometimes it's impossible to cure this disease. If you are coughing today, don't wait until tomorrow, but get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once and be relieved. It strengthens weak lungs.

Three sizes: 25c., enough for an ordinary cold; 50c., just right for asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, whooping cough, hard colds; $1.00, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

MILLIONS OF ACRES of choice agricultural lands now opened for settlement in Western Canada. Here is grown the celebrated No. 1 Hard Wheat, which brings the highest price in the markets of the world. Thousands of cattle are fattened for market without being fed grain, and without a day's shelter. Send for information and secure a free home in Western Canada. Write the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, or address the Undersigned, who will mail you atlases, pamphlets etc., free of cost. F. PEDLEY, Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to REV. DAVIES, 154 E. Third St., St. Paul, Minn.; W. BRYNES, Grafton, N. D.; T. O. CURRIE, Stevens Point, Wis.

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READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

A. N. K.—G 1792

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

SAVE YOUR STAR TIN TAGS

"Star" tin tags (showing small stars printed on under side of tag), "Horse Shoe," "J. T.," "Good Luck," "Cross Bow," and "Drummond" Natural Leaf Tin Tags are of equal value in securing presents mentioned below, and may be assorted. Every man, woman and child can find something on the list that they would like to have, and can have

FREE!

	TAGS.		TAGS.
1 Match Box	25	23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer	500
2 Knife, one blade, good steel	25	24 Gun case, leather, no better made	500
3 Scissors, 6 inches	25	25 Revolver, automatic, double action, 32 or 38 caliber	600
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and spoon	25	26 Tool Set, not playthings, but real tools	600
5 Salt and Pepper Set, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	50	27 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome	600
6 French Briar Wood Pipe	25	28 Remington Rifle No. 4, 22 or 32 cal.	600
7 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel	50	29 Watch, sterling silver, full jeweled	1,000
8 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality	50	30 Dress Suit Case, leather, handsome and durable	1,000
9 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best qual.	50	31 Sewing Machine, first class, with all attachments	1,500
10 Stamp Box, sterling silver	50	32 Revolver, Colt's, 38 caliber, blued steel	1,500
11 Knife, "Keen Cutter," two blades	75	33 Rifle, Colt's, 16-shot, 38 caliber	1,500
12 Butcher Knife, "Keen Cutter," 8 in. blade	75	34 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid	2,000
13 Shears, "Keen Cutter," 8 inch	75	35 Mandolin, very handsome	2,000
14 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver plated	80	36 Winchester Repeating Shot Gun, 12 gauge	2,000
15 Base Ball, "Keen-Cutter," best qual.	100	37 Remington, double-barrel, hammer Shot Gun, 10 or 12 gauge	2,000
16 Alarm Clock, reliable	150	38 Bicycle, standard make, ladies or gents	2,000
17 Set Genuine Rogers' Teaspoons, best plated goods	150	39 Shot Gun, Remington, double barrel, hammerless	2,500
18 Watch, nickel, stem wind and set	200	40 Engine Made Box, 17½ inch Disc	3,000
19 Carvers, good steel, buckhorn handles	200		
20 Set Genuine Rogers' Table Spoons, best plate 1 dozen	250		
21 Set each, Knives and Forks, buckhorn handles	250		
22 Set each, Genuine Rogers' Knives and Forks, best plated goods	300		

THE ABOVE OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 30TH, 1902.

Special Notice! Plain "Star" Tin Tags (that is, Star tin tags with no small stars printed on under side of tags), are not good for premiums, but will be paid for in CASH on the basis of twenty cents per hundred, if received by us on or before March 1st, 1903.

BEAR IN MIND that a dime's worth of STAR PLUG TOBACCO will last longer and afford more pleasure than a dime's worth of any other brand. MAKE THE TEST! and tags to CONTINENTAL TOBACCO CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FAIR REPRESENTATION AT CITIZENS' MEETING

(Continued from First Page.)

tain number of lights, I would be willing to see a ten year contract made."

The motion of Mr. Barnes, to enter into a one year contract, was put to the meeting and by a rising vote was lost by about four to one.

Upon motion of Mr. Barnes, the meeting adjourned.

Last Saturday evening, the special committee of the common council and representatives of the Rhinelander Lighting company met in secret session in the office of City Clerk Carr for the purpose of reaching an agreement before the matter was brought before the city fathers for settlement at their meeting Tuesday evening. Messrs Forbes and Wixson presented two propositions. One was to furnish arc lights to the city at $6.25 per light per month, providing the city would enter into a five year contract. The second was to furnish lights at $7.00 per month, should only a three year contract be given. Both propositions mean an all night service.

CO. BOARD PROCEEDINGS

Special Session.

County Clerk's office, Rhinelander, Wis., Thursday, July 13, 1899, 2 o'clock, p. m.

The County Board of Supervisors of Oneida county, Wis., met in special session, pursuant to the following call:

To E. P. Brennan, county clerk.

Sir:—You are hereby requested to call a special meeting of the County Board of Supervisors of Oneida county, Wis., to meet in your office in the court house on Thursday, July 13, 1899, at 2 o'clock p. m. on said day, for the purpose of laying out and letting the contract to build the Pelican and Schoepke and Hazelhurst and Newbold wagon roads, according to the specifications on file in the county clerk's office, and for the transaction of any other business that may come before the board and not prohibited by statutes.

Dated July 5, 1899.

S. Kelley, Supr. Sixth ward, city of Rhinelander.

Fred. T. Coon, Supr. Fifth ward, city of Rhinelander.

G. H. Clark, Supr. Fourth ward, city of Rhinelander.

Henry Wubker, chairman Town of Newbold.

B. N. Moran, chairman Town of Pelican.

Edward B. Crofoot, Supr. Third ward, city of Rhinelander.

Sir:—You are hereby notified that pursuant to the within request of a majority of the board of supervisors, a special meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Oneida county, Wis., will be held on the 13th day of July, 1899, at 2 o'clock p. m., at my office in the court house in the city of Rhinelander, in said county, for the purpose of laying out and letting the contract to build the Pelican and Schoepke, and Hazelhurst and Newbold wagon roads, and the transaction of such business as may come before the board at a special meeting and not prohibited by the statutes.

Dated July 6, 1899.

E. P. Brennan, County Clerk of Oneida county, Wis.

To Wm. Bonach, Chairman Town Gagen.
" G. H. Clark, Supr. 4th ward city Rhin'r.
" F. T. Coon, " 5th " " "
" E. B. Crofoot, Supr. 3d " " "
" O. A. Jenne, Chairman Town Woodboro.
" S. Kelley, Supr. 6th ward city Rhinelander
" Henry Miner, Chairman Town of Schoepke
" B. Moran, " " " "
" G. W. Porter, Supr. 1st ward, Rhinelander
" J. W. Schafer, " 2d " " "
" F. E. Tripp, Chairman Town Sugar Camp
" L. H. Wheeler, " " Hazelhurst
" H. Wubker, " " Newbold

The meeting was called to order by the clerk, the following members answering to their names on roll call: Present—Supvrs. Clark, Bonach, Coon, Crofoot, Kelley, Miner, Moran, Tripp, Wheeler and Wubker—10. Absent—Supvrs. Jenne, Porter, and Schafer.

On motion of Supr. Kelley, Supr. Crofoot was elected temporary chairman of the county board for the ensuing year. Motion carried.

Supr. Crofoot takes the chair.

On motion of Supr. Coon, the county board adjourned to Friday, July 14, 1899, at 9 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of allowing the committee time to prepare their reports.

E. P. Brennan, County Clerk.

County Clerk's office, Rhinelander, Wis., Friday, July 14, 1899, 9 o'clock a. m.

County Board of Supervisors met pursuant to adjournment.

Present—Supvrs. Bonach, Clark, Coon, Crofoot, Kelley, Miner, Moran, Wheeler and Wubker—9. Absent—Supvrs. Jenne, Porter, Schafer and Tripp—4.

Supr. Crofoot in the chair.

On motion of Supr. Coon, the reading of the minutes of the last meeting be dispensed with. Motion carried.

Reports of committees presented and considered.

Report of committee on Hazelhurst and Newbold wagon road:

We, the undersigned committee appointed by the County Board of Supervisors of Oneida county, Wis., to look after the building of a certain highway running through the towns of Newbold and Hazelhurst, do respectfully submit our claims as follows:

We have advertised and received sealed bids with bonds to double the amount of the attached bids which are as follows:

Martin Kaloski's bid on the Newbold part of the road, six hundred and thirty ($630.00) dollars, and Geo. Kelley's bid, seven hundred ($700.00) dollars and Mr. Kelley proposes to include in his bid the extra part of the road not mentioned in the application and specifications passed by the county board to build said road, which amounts approximately twenty-six rods, the committee respectfully recommends that Geo. Kelley be awarded said contract. Geo. Kelley's bid on town of Hazelhurst part of road, six hundred and forty ($640.00) dollars, he being the only bidder on this part of the road, the committee recommend that be be awarded said contract.

We, the committee, award damages to the following unoccupied lands, the descriptions of which are as follows, to-wit:

SW¼ of SE¼ S. 31, 38, 8 E	SW¼ of SW¼ S. 36, 38, 7 E		
SE¼ of SW¼ S. 31, 38, 8 E	NE¼ of NE¼	S. 1, 37, 7 E	
SW¼ of SW¼ S. 31, 38, 8 E	NE¼ of NW¼	S. 1, 37, 7 E	
NW¼ of NE¼ S. 6, 37, 8 E	NE¼ of NW¼	S. 1, 37, 7 E	
NE¼ of NW¼ S. 6, 37, 8 E	NW¼ of NW¼	S. 1, 37, 7 E	
NW¼ of NW¼ S. 6, 37, 8 E	SW¼ of NW¼	S. 26, 38, 7 E	
SE¼ of SE¼ S. 36, 38, 7 E	SW¼ of NW¼	S. 26, 38, 7 E	
SW¼ of SE¼ S. 36, 38, 7 E	NW¼ of SW¼	S. 26, 38, 7 E	
SE¼ of SW¼ S. 36, 38, 7 E	NE¼ of NE¼	S. 35, 38, 7 E	
SE¼ of NE¼ S. 35, 38, 7 E	SE¼ of SE¼	S. 35, 38, 7 E	
NE¼ of SE¼ S. 35, 38, 7 E	NE¼ of NE¼	S. 2, 37, 7 E	

To the amount of one ($1.00) dollar for each description, and twenty ($20.00) dollars to the C. & N. W. R'y Co. for crossing their right of way.

Signed, L. H. Wheeler, Henry Wubker, S. Kelley, } Com.

On motion of Supr. Coon, the foregoing report of the special committee appointed by the county board to advertise and receive sealed bids to build the Hazelhurst and Newbold wagon road, be and the same is hereby accepted, and the contract to build said road be awarded to Geo. Kelley, as recommended by the committee for the sum of $1,340.00 and the award of damages as made by the said committee be and the same is hereby approved by the county board. Motion carried.

Order laying out road in towns of Newbold and Hazelhurst.

State of Wisconsin, } ss.
Oneida County. }

Whereas, upon the petition of thirty resident freeholders of said county, fifteen or more of whom reside in the town of Hazelhurst, and fifteen or more reside in the town of Newbold, for the laying out of a highway extending through the towns of Hazelhurst and Newbold.

Commencing at a point in the town of Newbold at the south-west corner of the south-east quarter of section thirty-one, township thirty-eight, range eight east. Thence running west on the town line to the south-west corner of section thirty-six, township thirty-eight, range seven east. Thence north to the north-west corner of said section thirty-six. Thence running west on the section line one half mile to the quarter post. We, the undersigned County Board of Supervisors of said county, did duly appoint L. H. Wheeler, Henry Wubker and S. Kelley, three members of said board, as a committee, with full power to act in the premises, and did on the 15th day of June, 1899, make a notice, duly signed, and did fix therein a time and place at which the said committee would meet to decide upon said petition; and did give notice of the time and place of such meeting, by publishing the notice, so made out, for three weeks previous to the time fixed therein, in The New North, a newspaper published weekly in said county, and

Whereas the above named committee did meet on the 13th day of July, 1899, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the city of Rhinelander, and having personally examined said highway and made examination of the premises, did determine to lay out said highway as hereinafter set forth; and the said committee having duly reported their said determination, and their award for damages for lands taken for such highway.

Now therefore, pursuant to said petition, we, the County Board of Supervisors, do hereby order and determine that a highway be and the same is hereby laid out in said towns as follows: Commencing at the one-eighth post at the south-east corner of the south-west quarter of the south-east quarter of section thirty-one, township thirty-eight, range eight east. Thence running west on the town lines one hundred and forty-four rods. Thence south a distance of twenty rods. Thence west, crossing the Chicago & North-western railroad between the south switch and cattle guard a distance of twelve rods. Thence north-west along the west side of the railroad

(Continued on Supplement.)

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis.
Dec. 5, 1899.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on January 20, 1900, viz: Thomas Hummel, who made H. E. No. 7396, for the SW¼ NW¼, Sec. 29, and SE¼ NE¼, Sec. 30, T. 38 N., R. 10 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Nelson VanZile, Max Henning, Wm. Ellis, Jacob Bartman, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

6d14j15 Edgar T. Wheelock, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis.
November 21, 1899.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wis., on January 5, 1900, viz: Edward Kaufman, heir of Jacob Kaufman, deceased, who made H. E. No. 2557 for the SW¼ NW¼, Sec. 28, and E½ NE¼, Sec. 29, T. 38 N., R. 8 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Emory Hamlin, Walter Ketler, George Ames, D. E. Bellamy, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

6w48j5 Edgar T. Wheelock, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis.
November 16, 1899

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wis., on January 6, 1900, viz: Warshuck, who made H. E. No. 6625 for the NE¼ Sec. 2, T. 38 N., R. 9 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: F. E. Tripp, Merlin Hunter, C. A. Griffin, J. Marlow, all of Robbins, Wis.

6w47j5 Edgar T. Wheelock, Register.

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878.
Notice for Publication.
United States Land Office.
Wausau, Wis., Oct. 21, 1899.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," Robert Posey, of Harshaw, County of Oneida, State of Wisconsin, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 79, for the purchase of the N½ NW¼ of Section No. 30, in Township No. 37, N Range No. 6 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Wausau, Wis., on Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1900. He names as witnesses, Peter Neal, Peter Berard, A. G. Stephenson, Robert Truax, all of Merrill, Wis. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of January, 1900.

Edgar T. Wheelock, Register.

10w026-d29

Arbuckles' Coffee

Is the Standard of Coffee Excellence by which all Coffee Quality is Compared.

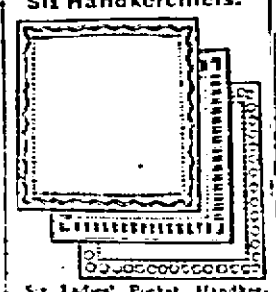
No. 51 Dining Room Table Cloth.

Table Cloth, white with red bars. Size 54 x 68 inches. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 60 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 53. A Dress Pattern.

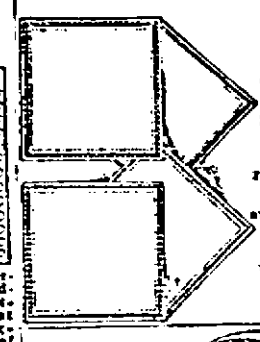
12 yards Printed Organdie, 29 inches wide, 4 colors to select from, Pink, Lace, Black, Mardi and Nile Green. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 100 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 56 Six Handkerchiefs.



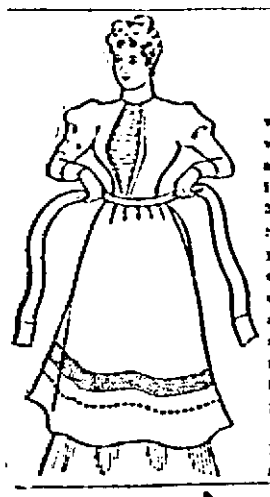
Six Ladies' Pocket Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, colored borders, size 12x12 inches. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 55 Four Handkerchiefs.



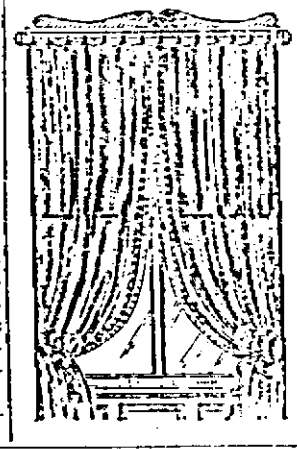
Four Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, colored borders, size 19½ x 19½ inches. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 52. Lady's Apron.



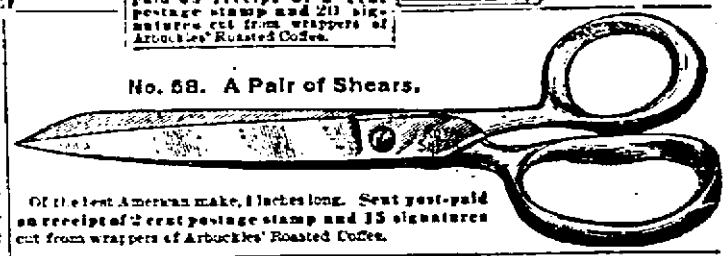
Fine quality white lawn, wide strings and fancy lace insertion. Size 32 x 40 inches. Sent postpaid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 25 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 54. A Pair of Window Curtains.



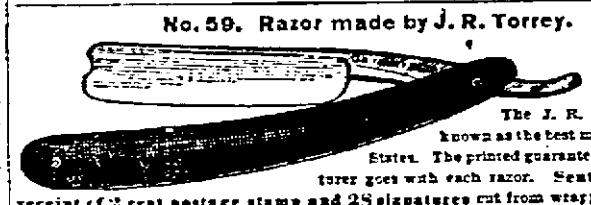
Each Curtain a yard wide and three-quarter yards long. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 65 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 58. A Pair of Shears.



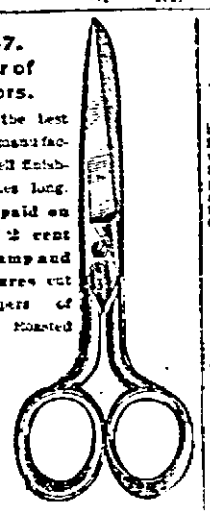
Of the best American make, 8 inches long. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 15 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 59. Razor made by J. R. Torrey.



The J. R. Torrey Razor is known as the best made in the United States. The printed guarantee of the manufacturer goes with each razor. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 28 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 57. A Pair of Scissors.

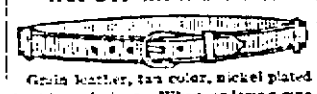


Made by the best American manufacturers and well finished, 6½ inches long. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 15 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 60. Lady's Belt.

Latest style, grain leather tan color 1½ in. wide, nickel plated buckle. In the following sizes only, give size in inches when ordering, from 22 to 28 in.; from 30 to 32 in.; from 33 to 36 in. Sent postpaid on receipt of a 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures cut from the wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 61. Man's Belt.

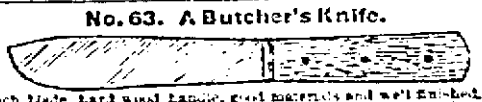


Grain leather, tan color, nickel plated buckle and rings. When ordering give size of waist in inches. Belts run from 34 to 44 inches in length. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 62. A Carving Knife and Fork.

A first-class set, mounted with genuine buck horn handles. Knife blade 8 inches long. Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 90 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office as well as your Post Office.

No. 63. A Butcher's Knife.



Six inch blade, hard wood handle, good materials and well finished. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

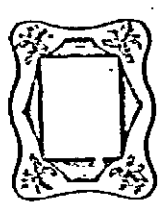
No. 64. A Kitchen Knife.

Will cut bread, slice ham and saw the bone. Serviceable, and should be in every kitchen. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 14 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 65 A Lady's Pen Knife.

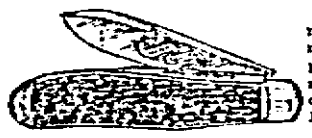
Has two finely finished blades. Handle beautifully variegated in imitation of onyx. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 30 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 67. Picture Frame.



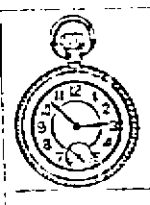
Cabinet size, brass, silverplated. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 12 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 66. A Gentleman's Pocket Knife.



Two-blated knife made of best materials and finished in workmanlike manner. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 40 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 69. A Gentleman's Watch.

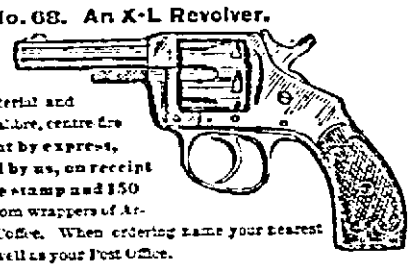


The "New Haven" is a watch of the ordinary size, stem wind and stem set, dust proof, nickel-plated case, solid back. Quick beat movement, highly polished steel pinions. Modeled after a standard watch, reliable time-keeper. The printed guarantee of the maker accompanies each watch. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 90 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 71. Enameled Alarm Clock.

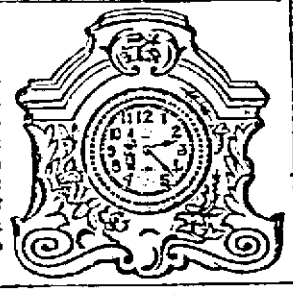
Highest standard of Alarm Clock. Seamless frame, ornamental bands, French pattern and second hand. Will run thirty hours with one winding. Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of 3 cent postage stamp and 99 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office and your Post Office as well.

No. 68. An X-L Revolver.



Highest grade material and workmanship, 32 calibre, centre fire double action. Sent by express, charges prepaid by us, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 150 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office as well as your Post Office.

No. 70 A Porcelain Clock.



Imported porcelain frame, beautifully decorated. Movement made by New Haven Clock Co., guaranteed by them a good timekeeper. 8 inches high, same width. Sent by express, charges prepaid by us, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 115 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office as well as your Post Office.

This is a picture of the signature on Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee Wrapper, which you are to cut out and send to us as a voucher.

No other part of the Coffee Wrapper will be accepted as a voucher, nor will this Picture be accepted as such.

Arbuckle Bros.

SOME OF OUR SIGNATURES ARE PRINTED ON RED BACKGROUND.

This represents one page of a List which is found in each pound package of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee, and with each package in which the List is found the purchaser has bought a definite part of some article to be selected by him or her from the List, subject only to the condition that the signature on the package is to be cut out and returned to Arbuckle Bros. as a voucher, in accordance with the directions printed in connection with each item illustrated and described in the List. This List will be kept good only till May 31, 1900. Another page of this List will appear in this paper shortly.

Address all communications to ARBUCKLE BROS., NOTION DEPT., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.—Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office.
Wausau, Wis., December 5, 1899.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Fred. McGinnies, of Tomahawk, county of Lincoln, State of Wisconsin, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 92, for the purchase of the W½, S E and NE¼ SW¼ of Section No. 12 in Township No. 36 N, Range No. 6 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Wausau, Wisconsin, on Wednesday, the 21st day of February, 1900. He names as witnesses John Kelley and Eugene Parot of Soma, Wisconsin; George W. Smith, Ira Smith, of Tomahawk, Wisconsin. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before the said 21st day of February, 1900.

Edgar T. Wheelock, Register.

10t-d14-Feb.15

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878—Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office.
Wausau, Wis., August 23, 1899.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," John C. Johnson, of Rhinelander, Oneida County, State of Wisconsin, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No 63, for the purchase of the SW¼, SE¼ of Section No. 29, in Township No. 37 N., Range No. 6 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Wausau, Wis., on Saturday, the 20th day of January, 1900. He names as witnesses Carl Johnson, Tom Eldar, F. Briggs, Peter Green, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands, are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 20th day of January, 1900.

10t-816-J15 Edgar T. Wheelock, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis., Nov. 1, 1899.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Wausau, Wis., on December 15, 1899, viz: Cora E. Dorn, who made H. E. No. 8031 for the SW¼ NE¼, SE¼ NW¼, Sec. 18, & W½ NW¼, Sec. 19, T. 39 N., R. 7 E. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Dorn, Lowell Leland, John Frost, all of Hoffman Junction, Wis., and Louie Cull of Harshaw, Wis.

6t-29-d14. Edgar T. Wheelock, Register.

The Central
BARBER SHOP
GEO. DUSEL, Proprietor.
The finest and most centrally located shop in the city. THE place for scientific work. The most experienced barbers in the country employed.
Hilber House Block, Brown Street.

Eureka Harness Oil is the best preservative of new leather and the best renovator of old leather. It oils, softens, blackens and protects. Use
Eureka Harness Oil
on your best harness, your old harness, and your carriage top, and they will not only look better but wear longer. Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes from half pints to five gallons.
Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

ED. ROGERS,
GENERAL
Blacksmith and Horse Shoer.
Fancy Horse Shoeing. Buggy and Wagon repairing a Specialty. All New Work Made to Order. Mail orders filled promptly. Give us a Trial.

If you see it in The New North
It's New and True.
Start the New Year right—Subscribe!

Coal and Wood
FOR SALE!
Excavating
Rock furnished. Low Prices.
W. F. SHAFER,
RHINELANDER, - WIS.

F. A. HILDEBRAND,
Dealer in FURNITURE.
My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.
An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.
RHINELANDER, - WIS.

ONEIDA HOUSE
CUS HORN, Prop.
Transients will find it to their advantage to give this house a trial.
Rates, - One Dollar per Day

JOHN ROSS,
Practical Horseshoer
AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH.
Wagon and Repair Shop in Connection.
Shop on King Street.

For the Holidays!
Books
For the Young.
For the Old.
For All.
Christmas Cards.
Games, Novelties,
Stop in and see the Splendid Assortment of Gifts.
C. C. BRONSON & CO.

GEM BARBER SHOP
H. L. JEWETT, Prop.
I make it a point to satisfy my patrons. My workmen are the best in the city. Call and see me. Shop on Davenport Street, next to First National Bank.

J. A. WHITING,
VETERINARY SURGEON
And DENTIST.
Office at Joslin & Chafee's Livery.
Rhinelander, Wisconsin.